The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

SPECIAL PRIZE POEM COMPETITIONS.

Our usual monthly Prize Competitions have proved so popular with the land and sea services that we have decided to hold the following competitions which shall be open only to—

Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen, Nurses, Ambulance and Transport Workers, and Others engaged on Active War Service, or in Hospital.

We offer—

(1) *A First Prize of £2, a Second Prize of £1, and Four Prizes of* 10s. *each for the best original Ballads.*

(2) *A First Prize of £2, a Second Prize of £1, and Four Prizes of* 10s. *each for the best original Lyrics.*

Choice of subjects is left entirely to Competitors, but no poem may exceed forty-eight lines in length.

Any competitor may enter for both Competitions.

All poems (written on one side of the paper only and bearing names and addresses of senders) must reach us not later than by the first post on the 7th March next, and should be addressed—

The Editor,
Special Prize Competition,
The Bookman,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square,
London, E.C.4.

Results will be announced in The Bookman *for April next.*

Competitors should keep copies of their verses, as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

The many admirers of William De Morgan will be glad to hear that, at the time of his death, he had almost finished a new and characteristically De Morganish novel entitled "The Old Mad House." From the ample notes he had made for it, Mrs. De Morgan has been able to complete the story by writing the last two or three chapters, and the book will be published by Mr. Heinemann with as little delay as may be.

"Front Lines," a new collection of war stories by Boyd Cable, is to be published shortly by Mr. Murray.

Mr. Paul Creswick, whose new novel, "Our Little Kingdom," we review in this Number, has been writing ever since his schooldays. He has published several capital books for boys and girls, and some good novels, of which the best was "Honesty's Garden," but in his latest he has surpassed all his previous work. One guesses that "Our Little Kingdom" is largely autobiographical. Mr. Creswick says that the idea of writing it has been in his mind for years past—"It is an attempt to express something of that wonderful family affection which makes Home all that it means to us and has meant for past generations." His pages are steeped in the atmosphere of the later Victorian period; he interests you in each member of the family he pictures, and unfolds their stories with a humour and pathos that are the more effective because they are never exaggerated. Being beyond military age, Mr. Creswick nowadays divides his time between literature, his desk in a Life Assurance office and Red Cross work for the Kent V.A.D. His son has seen his share of fighting and come home wounded, but has happily recovered, and is at present on garrison duty in England.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Paul Creswick.

The 1917 Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to Dr. K. Gjellerup, the distinguished Danish author. Two of his best known works, "The Pilgrim Kamanita" and "Minna," are published by Mr. Heinemann.

The third volume of "The Cambridge Mediæval History" will be published by the Cambridge Press early this year. It was almost ready for press when the war began, but has been delayed by, among other causes, the necessity of removing and replacing certain chapters written by German and Austrian authors.

An interesting volume that is to be issued from Egyptian House, Piccadilly, is "Fighting Australasia," a souvenir record of the imperishable story of the Australasian Forces in the great war. It will contain an excellent miscellany of articles, stories, poems, and drawings by Australian and other artists, and have for frontispiece a portrait in colours of General Birdwood.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate have added three more volumes to their admirable cheap edition of the writings of Dr. L. P. Jacks—"The Country Air," "All Men are Ghosts" and "Among the Idolmakers."

The shrewd, witty, suggestive and provocative articles by Mr. Bernard Shaw on "How to Settle the Irish Question" have been published by Messrs. Constable as a sixpenny pamphlet.

Mr. Douglas L. Durkin, whose book of war poems, "The Fighting Men of Canada," Mr. Erskine Macdonald is about to publish, is Lecturer in English at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg. He was born in Grand Valley, Ontario, in 1884, but his parents went into Western Canada when he was a small boy, and "homesteaded it" in the then unsettled Swan River Valley of Manitoba. Until he went to Wesley College, Winnipeg, in 1902, he lived a pioneer life on the prairies. After six years of study he had some stirring experiences in the Great West as a member of a railway construction gang. Then, changing his manner of life, he became first a Y.M.C.A. Secretary, and later a missionary, or "sky pilot," in the British Columbia mining country. After a sojourn in Oregon, he took up the teaching profession, spending four years on the staff of Brandon College. He has for some years past been contributing prose and verse to various Canadian periodicals, most of his prose appearing in the Winnipeg *Free Press*, one of the leading newspapers in Canada. He offered himself for enlistment and was rejected on medical grounds, but that he is heart and soul with the Empire in the great war is evident from the verses in his book—they are filled with the spirit of the young, idealistic

Canada that has spent its blood on the fields of France and Flanders.

Mr. Draycot M. Dell has in his novel, "Ghosts," made a very skilful and interesting adaptation of Ibsen's famous play of the same name, and the book is published by Messrs. Jarrold.

Nobody yet has succeeded in piercing the identity of the author of "The Book of Artemas," which is now in its seventy-fifth edition. His friend, Mr. Harry Tighe, the Australian novelist, says: "It is perhaps not so much modesty as an innate love of mystifying that leads him to conceal himself perhaps also he gains some little amusement from the candid criticisms of his work which his anonymity permits him to hear." He wrote the whimsical verses for a wildly impossible, very amusing book for children, "The Story of the Stubby Dub," which was published by Messrs. Westall last month, and has finished a "Second Book of Artemas," which will make its appearance this spring.

Photo by Russell. **Mr. C. Lewis Hind,**

whose new book, "The Invisible Guide" (Headley), was reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

WAR BOOKS.

"A Diplomatic Diary." By Hugh Gibson. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This unstudied day-to-day Diary of the Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels is one of the most valuable and interesting of the many books of the war. It gives, as only a diary could, a wonderfully vivid and intimate account of how the war came to the Belgian capital, of how the triumphant Germans took possession of it, and of the life of its people during the first few months of German rule. The most impressive phase comes in the later pages, which tell in fullest detail the story of Edith Cavell's

Mrs. Edith Nepean,

whose successful novel, "Gwynneth of the Welsh Hills" (Stanley Paul), was reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

mock trial and murder, the desperate efforts made by Mr. Gibson and others to save her, and the callous trickery with which the German officials kept them in the dark as to what was happening, and secretly carried through their brutal designs against her. Nothing is more permanently damning to Germany's reputation than this faithful and graphic record and that part of the narrative which

Photo by S. J. Muir. **Miss Helen Dircks,**

who has written a very charming book of London poems, "Finding," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing. Miss Dircks' father is well known in the literary and publishing worlds.

testifies to the wanton barbarities committed in the broken towns and villages of Belgium. The volume is well illustrated.

"Wilhelm the Ruthless: A Verbal and Pictorial Satire." Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by David Wilson. (Drawing, Ltd.) Fresh from that uncompromising record of Mr. Gibson's you recognise more readily the scathing truthfulness of Mr. David Wilson's satirical or grimly humorous drawings in this book. There is a good deal of cleverness in the prologue and five-part drama in which the author shows how the Germans came by their gospel of ruthlessness, and what has come of it, and the end to which it will bring them, but the drawings tell the same story more trenchantly—in the skill and effectiveness of their draughtsmanship as well as in imaginative power and subtle study of character they are comparable with the best in pictorial satire that the war has given us.

"Democracy After the War." By J. A. Hobson. 4s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.) A masterly exposition of the after-war problems that will have to be overcome before political and industrial democracy can be achieved.

"The Old Front Line." By John Masefield. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.) In his "Gallipoli" Mr. Masefield had an epic story to tell and described those Titanic battles with a power and imaginative realism that were worthy of his theme. Here he has set himself a quieter and more difficult task of describing the towns, villages, roads and landscapes along our old front line in France as they were before the Battle of the Somme began. It is difficult because it is not action but scenery that he describes, and in some hands the lack of variety would tend to become monotonous. But Mr. Masefield has a charm of style that of itself gives interest to whatever he touches, and he has put all his art into this brilliant succession of word-pictures.

The Author of "The Book of Artemas."

Mr. Douglas Durkin,
whose volume of war poems, "The Fighting Men of Canada," Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing.

"Jack Cornwell." By the author of "Where's Master." 1s. 3d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This vivid life-story of Jack Cornwell, the boy-hero of the Jutland fight, begins with a brief account of his parentage, of his joining the Navy, and his experiences at a training school, then narrates how he went to sea on H.M.S. *Chester*, and in his first big naval battle, mortally wounded but unflinching, remained at his post by the forward gun when all the gunners lay dead or wounded on the deck beside him. It is a great story, simply and poignantly told, and should be read by all boys in these days as an example and an inspiration.

"Letters to His Wife." By R. E. Vernède. 6s. net. (Collins.) If you have read Mr. R. E. Vernède's "War Poems," you will know the spirit in which these letters are written. He was under no illusions; he was not out for glory, but took up arms solely from a sense of duty. To him war was

a loathsome and barbarous business; nothing but the stern necessity of defending his country from the unprovoked attack of an enemy could have drawn him into it. It is the very unaffected simplicity with which he sketches his daily life in camp and billet, in the trenches, under fire and in action, that brings the whole thing before you with the most graphic effectiveness. He tells of hardships and ghastly horrors, of incidents that are amusing or grimly tragic, of the sayings and doings of himself and his comrades—all without exaggerations or reservations, but with the one desire of being exactly truthful. Withal, he touches in something of his own philosophy of life, especially of the life he was living as a soldier. The last letter, written only the day before he fell in action, is as full of courage and cheerfulness as any, with just a note of longing in the last three lines that brings tears to the eyes. He wrote several books, but these letters and his poems are the best of them all.

"Umpteen Yarns." By George Goodchild. 1s. 3d. net. (Jarrold.) A capital collection of two hundred or more tales and anecdotes of camp and trench life, all touching on the lighter side of the war. A little book full of laughter. Many of the jests and dialogues are as irresponsibly funny as Bairnsfather's famous drawings.

Photo by Marshall Warre & Co. **Mr. Thomas Bennet,**

whose novel, "I, John Bale" (Alex. Gardner), recently reviewed in the BOOKMAN, has met with a very favourable reception from Press and public.

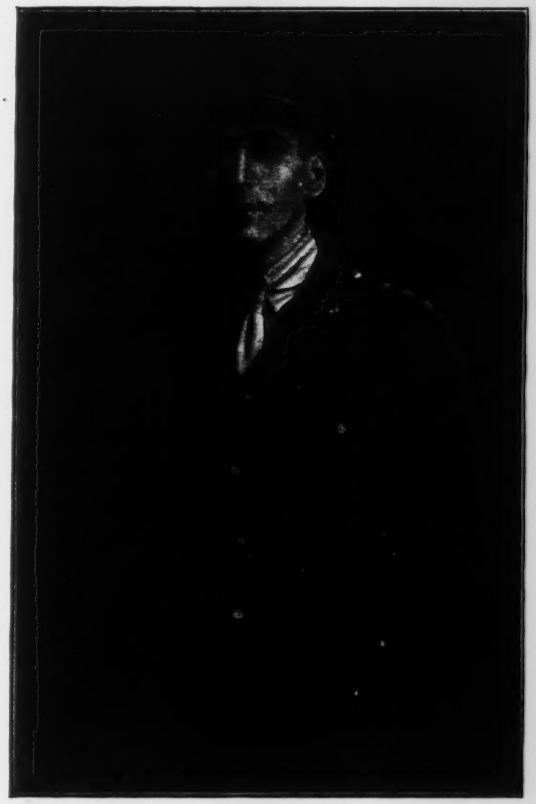


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. F. Britten Austin,**

whose brilliant volume of war stories, "Battlewrack" (Hodder & Stoughton), was reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

"Maid of France." By Harold Brighouse. 8d. net. (Gowans & Gray.) A delightfully idyllic one-act patriotic play telling of how an English and a French soldier on leave are resting against the Joan of Arc monument in a French town when, at midnight, the Maid comes down from her pedestal and rebukes her countryman for fraternising with his and her ancient enemy, till the Frenchman justifies himself and wins her approval. The thing is so deftly done that you may take it either as dream or reality. It is a charming fancy, and the humour and pathos of it are natural and effective.

"The Call of the Sword." By John H. Clarke, M.D. 1s. net. (*Financial News.*) Mr. Clarke deals with the religious significance of the war; with our virtues and vices as a nation, and the good that may come out of the evil of these days if we are true to ourselves and the high cause for which the sword was put into our hands. He says some suggestive and provocative things, among them that "the pacifist and the militarist are alike the servants of materialistic Mammon." You may not always agree with his views, but he interests you in them.

"Germany At Bay." By Haldane Macfall. With portraits, maps and diagrams. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

A lucid and masterly study of the strategy of the war, and especially of the Peace strategy which Germany is subtly developing with a view to securing by diplomacy the victory she cannot win in the field. Major Macfall has seen long service as a soldier and, as Lord French writes in an Introduction, he "brings a calm and trained mind to the determination of the strategical issues." It is essentially a book for the Man in the Street, for it gives clearly the facts that are often obscured from him by the technical jargon of the expert. Here, the expert speaks in the language of reasonable men. The average man, whose vote will determine the sort of peace we shall have when the last gun is fired should, as Lord French says, master the contents of this book, so that he may fully understand before the day for his decision arrives not only the causes and origin of the war, but what may and what should be its outcome.

"From the Fire Step." By Arthur Guy Empey. 5s. net. (Putnams.) Mr. Empey is an American who, in the early days of the war, finding his own country bent upon remaining neutral, came over here and enlisted as a private in the English Army. In these pages he has related his experiences, from the hour when the sinking of the *Lusitania* brought him to a decision and he set sail to get into khaki as quickly as possible, to the time when, after much hard campaigning and a good share of fighting, he was wounded badly enough to be invalided home to Blighty. He was keenly alive to the darker side of war; owns with an admirable frankness that under shell fire and on perilous duties or on the verge of going over the top he was quaking with fear, but he was the sort of man who had a right hold of himself and in spite of that went through with whatever he had to do. It strikes you as about the most honest and certainly one of the liveliest personal narratives of the war that anybody has yet written. Mr. Empey has a quaint, irresistible sense of humour; he laughs at himself and laughs at his misfortunes, and at his comrades, though it is easy to see that he held them in the warmest regard, and it is easy to believe that they had the same regard for him and rejoiced in his company. It is a book to read both because it gives you an intimate and detailed idea of what war is like and what our soldiers are like, and for the sheer pleasure of reading. It is full of the best of good fun, and yet is better history than many a more serious book.

"Soldiers of Labour." By Bart Kennedy. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) In his own very characteristic fashion, Mr. Bart Kennedy has written a series of striking chapters on the men and women who are doing their part in the great war by working in the factories, the fields, on the ships and docks, and wherever there is work to be done to further the doings of the fighting men. There are admirable chapters on the labourer and his lot, and on labour psychology. The ten drawings by Joseph Simpson are fine examples of his work, full of strength and character.

"The Muse In Arms." Edited with an Introduction by E. B. Osborn. 6s. net. (John Murray.) A well compiled and arranged anthology of the poems that have been written by men who have fallen or are still fighting in the war. It is an excellent and thoroughly representative collection of war-time verse by men on active service the world over, on land, at sea and in the air.

"The Day, and Other Poems." By Henry Chappell. With Introduction by Sir Herbert Warren, K.C.V.O., D.C.L. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.) With the stirring poem that gives its title to this volume many of us first made acquaintance much as Sir Herbert Warren did. "I saw it," he says, "in the early weeks of the war, pasted up inside the window of a leading stationer's shop in Oxford. I thought this unusual, and began to read it through the glass. The moment I had taken in the first line, my surprise ceased. I was caught, and carried to the end by its swing and grip. I went in and bought a dozen copies. All they could tell me about it was what was printed on it, that it was the work of Mr. Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath, and that it had appeared in the *Daily Express*, and was selling apace." The newspapers reprinted it all over America, Canada, South Africa and Australasia, and at length it is given pride of place in this collection of its author's verse. A few charming lyrics are untouched by the trouble of these days, but most of the poems in the book are inspired by the war. There is earnestness and vigour in the fierce denunciations of the Hun and his works; a deep sense of the tragedy of things in the lines on such themes as the shooting of Nurse Cavell and the sorrow that every battle means for many; a full-hearted glorying in the heroism of our own men, of the Anzacs, the Canadians; and always a confident looking to the peace that shall be our guerdon at the end. Sir Herbert Warren says rightly, "These verses will find their way to the heart, because they come from it."

THE READER.

JOHN KEATS.*

By Laurence Binyon.

I VIVIDLY remember the deep impression made on me, many years ago, by the letters of Keats, when they appeared in a delightful volume edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. I still think them the most wonderful revelation of a poet's mind and nature in our literature, full of pregnant and illuminating things, not only on his art but on life, as extraordinary in so young a man as the poems themselves. It is these letters of intimate and generous self-disclosure that yield such rich material for a biography which, so far as external incidents are concerned, is very briefly told. Now, after giving us "Keats," in "English Men of Letters," followed by years of enthusiastic research, it is again Sir Sidney Colvin who gives us the result of his long studies in a volume full of fascinating detail; one of the "final" biographies in the language. If there is not very much that is actually new to students of Keats, the fairly numerous discoveries published here and there in recent years are all incorporated. We have a human portrait, finely touched; and on the literary side the treatment is remarkably full. Some may feel that the book is a little overweighted on this side, but I do not feel it myself.

With those who are not students of the poet, with the general reader, it is probable that the "legend" of Keats persists more than one is apt to assume. "Back to your gallipots" is a phrase that has stuck, and the notion of Keats (who had the training of a surgeon and performed operations at Guy's) as an underbred apothecary's assistant still has currency. Byron's contemptuous phrase about his being "snuffed out by an article" crystallises too the belief that Keats died of morbid fretting over the assaults of the reviewers, and that belief, for which Shelley's "Adonais" is still more responsible, is not extinct. What manner of person was the real Keats? Barry Cornwall's description is typical of the impression he made on all who knew him. "I found him very pleasant and free from all affectation in manner and opinion. Indeed it would be difficult to discover a man with a more bright and open countenance. . . . It has been said that his poetry was affected and effeminate. I can only say that I never encountered a more manly and simple young man. In person he was short, and had eyes large and wonderfully luminous, and a resolute bearing; not defiant, but well sustained." As a boy he cared for fighting more than anything else; his pugnacity was a byword. Indeed the most astonishing thing about the poet who at twenty-five could rank with the greatest is that he was far from precocious, and wrote no verse till he was near eighteen. But the manly, independent, combative spirit which was essentially his, was twined with a nervous sensibility so extreme that two natures were continually at strife within him. Sir Sidney Colvin suggests that he may have inherited his strength and sanity of character from his father, and the feverish, morbidly sensitive and passionate strain from his mother, who certainly bequeathed to him the predisposition to consumption which destroyed him. In health he was the most affectionately devoted of brothers, the most generous of friends, clear-sighted and of sound judgment in his relations with men. But once his health was sapped, his other nature, with its painful poignancy of feeling, asserted itself more and more. And to ill-health were added misfortunes. Underlying all was lack of means. At first his prospects seemed promising indeed. Few are the young poets who in their early twenties, without any vantage ground to start from, are admitted on equal terms to such society as Keats enjoyed; that of men like Lamb and Wordsworth and Hazlitt, Shelley, Leigh Hunt and Haydon. Still fewer perhaps are those whose poetry at twenty-five is acclaimed in such lofty terms of praise by critics of authority as was given to the "Lamia" volume of 1820. There was no fashionable popular "boom" such as Scott and Byron and

Keats.
From the charcoal drawing by Severn in the South Kensington Museum.

* "John Keats: His Life and Poetry, his Friends, Critics, and After-Fame." By Sidney Colvin. 18s. net. (Macmillan.)

Moore enjoyed; but the deliberate eulogy of the critics does not, in some cases, fall short of what has been said since of poems now enshrined and secure from detraction. Tragically, the praise came too late. The poet was already stricken. In different circumstances he could soon have afforded to forget the attacks made on "Endymion" (as he himself said, "The attempt to crush me in the *Quarterly* has only brought me more into notice"), but those attacks did injure his fortunes in the financial sense: want of means made his future doubtful and postponed indefinitely the prospect of marriage when he fell so feverishly and fatally in love with Fanny Brawne. The loss of his younger brother had been an overwhelming grief. Hope went with health. It was because there was no light on the horizon, that he could not support the devastation of passion and disease combined. He was burnt out before the reaction of critical opinion had given him, in some fair measure, the welcome due to his genius. Sir Sidney Colvin's treatment of all this is entirely candid and complete. He does not gloss over any weakness, but the scrupulous portraiture only leaves us with heightened sympathy for his hero, and admiration for the fundamental nobleness of Keats's character. He gives us, too, full portraits of Keats's friends, so that we see him from all sides in his relation to them; and a most vivid, interesting group they make.

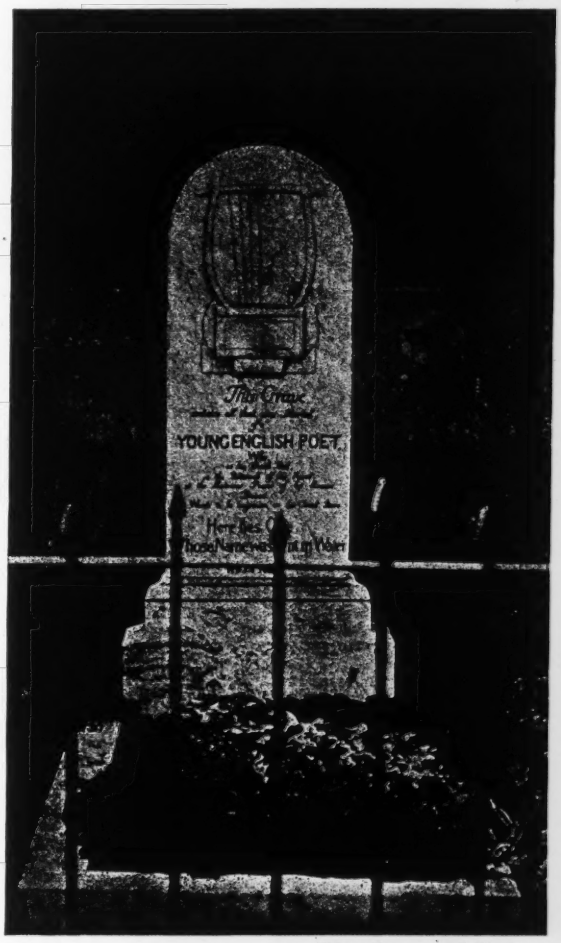
Of the new points in Sir Sidney's Life quite the most interesting is the information on the painting and sculpture (there reproduced) from which Keats drew inspiration. No other of our poets, except Rossetti perhaps, got so much from pictorial and plastic art. It was not, as with Rossetti, the direct prompting of a theme, but rather a fruitful hint caught from images lodged in the memory. And these are sometimes combined from different sources. The imagery of the "Grecian Urn" comes, as Sir Sidney persuades us, partly from a picture by Claude, partly from certain vases, but not from any particular vase. The triumph of Bacchus in "Endymion" was suggested not so much by Titian's picture, as hitherto supposed, as by prints from sarcophagus reliefs. From a type of antique vase come the figures in the "Ode to Indolence." All this, as Sir Sidney reminds us, needs delicate handling; the soil of an imagination like that of Keats is magically sensitive to chance-blown seed; its flowering is beyond a dry analysis. Sir Sidney points out how Keats, with all his seeing gift, never stays on the appearance of things, he catches the flush of life in their colour, the movement of life in their action. And he might have gone on to note his superiority in this respect to some later poets of pictorial genius. Morris, for instance, paints an effect with definite words of simple colour, green and blue and red, where Keats colours by association, with such images as "ripe October's faded marigolds," or "the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings." Tennyson, again, pieces exquisitely observed detail into a delicately wrought picture; but the picture remains outside us, whereas Keats makes us feel ourselves part of what he describes, as in the marvellous opening of "The Eve of St. Agnes"; we feel the frost with the owl, and with the hare limping through the frozen grass, no less than with the beadsman in the cold chapel. His design too is larger than Tennyson's. No poet since Milton has been able to call before our eyes figures of such superhuman majesty as the figures of Saturn and Thea in the first book of "Hyperion."

The pre-Raphaelite painters, as every one knows, were inspired by Keats above all other poets: and how interesting it is to read Keats's enthusiastic comments on Lasinio's prints after the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, the very same prints which the young Millais showed to Hunt and Rossetti and which first revealed to the group the beauty of the primitive Italians. Nothing could show more conclusively Keats's singular independence of taste and judgment. In all these matters Sir Sidney Colvin's minute and familiar knowledge of European art gives him an advantage no purely literary critic could enjoy.

Another new point is the discovery—at least Sir Sidney gives very good reasons for establishing it as such—that the "Ode to Psyche" was not (as usually supposed) the last composed but the first of the five famous Odes written in the spring of 1819. I do not quite know on what grounds the "Psyche" has been assumed to be later than the other four. But if it was the earliest composed, we may well imagine that Keats was dissatisfied with its rather loose form and sought a firmer outline when he wrote the others. No poet was more sedulously and successfully self-critical. Sir Sidney Colvin discusses at considerable length the lineage of the heroic couplet in England, in connection with "Endymion" and the Epistles, but does not go into the previous history of the Ode, perhaps because here Keats seems to be independent of all models.

Santa Trinita dei Monti, Rome.
Keats died in the house on right hand side of steps.

Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" was, in form, the nearest to the mould in which he cast his finest Odes, though more long-drawn-out, and quite different in real character. It seems to me that it was the Italian form of sonnet which was the foundation of Keats's ode-stanza. At any rate the effect of the interwoven rhymes of the sestet, peculiar to that form, was just what he wanted; they make the music continuous and full, without too hammered a beat and without too cloying a sweetness. And to this sestet the opening quatrain leads up, melting into it after the lightest pause, and thus making a continuous whole of quite different inner structure from the sonnet, where octave and sestet are the complement of one another and the sestet is marked off by a fresh beginning. It was one of the most felicitous inventions in our poetry.



The Grave of Keats
in the old Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

Throughout the book there are illustrations from other poets, showing how Keats took over an image or a cadence and transformed it, which testify to his biographer's wide knowledge of literature, and are often extremely interesting. Nothing could be farther from the spirit of the detector of plagiarisms. The quality of a poet may be tested by his borrowings. Sir Sidney is illuminative also of "sources." It really seems—and this is a new suggestion—that Ronsard, of all people, may have given Keats the theme of "Hyperion." As an instance of a borrowed metre, there are the stanzas, "In a Drear-Nighted December," which we now find ought to read as originally written, "In Drear-Nighted December." The model is a song by Dryden; and Sir Sidney reminds us that the same stanza was adopted by Swinburne for "The Garden of Proserpine." He does not mention that it was also used by Shelley (though with single rhymes) in a fragment which I will quote here, as it is not too well known, for the interest of comparing it with the familiar poems of Keats and Swinburne.

"Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells, all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong!"

How diverse a music each poet strikes from the same chords! Shelley and Keats had so little in common that one would not expect either to influence the other. Shelley, however, as Sir Sidney points out, does seem to have borrowed something in a fine passage of "Prometheus" from the description of wreckage under the sea in "Endymion," which in its turn derives from Clarence's dream in Shakespeare.

There are many other points in this Life which it would be tempting to discuss, but my space is already run out. The book is crammed with matter, but never burdened with it. Throughout we feel the presence of a scrupulous scholarship, exact learning, and a delicate understanding of human relations. Once read, this Life will be turned to again. As a sort of epilogue, we are given an account of Keats's after-fame; and it is singular to find how slowly that fame grew with the general public, in spite of the profound influence which Keats was exerting not only on English poetry but on English painting.

MR. CHESTERTON'S "ENGLAND."*

By Dr. William Barry.

MR. CHESTERTON'S "Flying Inn" needs no bush, but will not refuse to be adorned with a Maypole round which all young people irrespective of their age are invited to dance. If I seem to praise this last cup of his brewing a little extravagantly, the reader must kindly take into account what a strong cordial it holds. The brewer thereof believes in romance, in magic, in legends, dare I hint sometimes in superstitions? It is clear to him that the romance of history reflects past time more accurately by far than drab desiccated preparations made on a prose formula, be it schoolmaster's, constitution-monger's, or party-politician's. He would say—perhaps he has said it—that when Scott or Dickens attempted regular work as if historians their angel left them; but when they revelled and triumphed in stories of their own invention, reality came to life, or was given

* "A Short History of England." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

to the life. That which a nation takes to its heart as its own biography is of infinitely more moment than the teaching—which we may well term a "fable agreed upon"—fixed as gospel for elementary schools at Whitehall. And so we get now a story-book of England without dates, or dynastic successions, or reports of Parliament, or a stiffly ordered narrative, but heroic and revolutionary, with St. George slaying the dragon for a frontispiece. I wonder who the dragon was. Sometimes he bears to me the semblance of Hume, then of Hallam, passing into Macaulay, and often—*horresco referens*—I shudder as I speak it—of J. R. Green.

Well, let this be named "St. George's History of England." Read it always under that red minium rubric, and you will do it justice. You cannot help reading it once you begin; the author has seen to that. Fun and paradox and sudden strokes of imagination will hold you, till you reach the last sad and violent sentence, as of a Samson "grinding in Gaza at the mill with slaves," and those slaves Englishmen. For in Mr. Chesterton's eyes the story is one of disinheritance, and its consummation the Servile State. He laughs, no doubt, nay, roars with laughter, being English himself, instead of cultivating elegies; but such merriment touches a deeper chord than elegy. It is akin to despair. If you ask me, "why despair?" we must look for the answer, I say, in something that I have watched during years when this younger man was at school, or earlier yet, when I was at school myself, and used most mornings to pass by his father's office at Kensington on my way thither. Like Mr. Chesterton I was brought up a Liberal; and like him I have seen the true Liberal creed sacrificed to party, to the Front Bench and the well-nourished caucus. We wanted the people to get back their land again, to govern themselves, to have capital of their own instead of wages from their employers—in short, as the French pamphleteer demanded, "to be something," not means and instruments but the very end, the prime object, of the State. They remain, however, to this day the disinherited. St. George tells them by his herald how this came to be. He takes, I think and indeed I hope, too sombre a view. All the bright lights of heaven are not yet made dark. Nevertheless, had no war broken out, we were fast settling down into a people of proletarians, officered from cradle to grave by masters we did not choose, having the name of Liberty as a cloak thrown over serfdom, and that most minutely docketted, prearranged, and fixed by statute. I can supply you, dear Briton, with a simple proof.

"Education," says this St. George of ours to Whitehall, "would doubtless have been a noble gift; education in the sense of the central tradition of history, with its freedom, its family honour, its chivalry which is the flower of Christendom. But what would our populace, in our epoch, have actually learned, if they had learned all that our schools and universities had to teach?" Not, you may take his word and mine for it, the "central tradition," on which in fact England rose and flourished. The key-word here is Rome. Civilisation came from Rome to Britain; so did Christianity, so the fellowship of Europe, so the inspiration of the Crusades, so the treasures of the Renaissance. What from the Germans? None of these things. But the central tradition was broken in the sixteenth century, and England went into an isolation lasting some four hundred years, until the Red Cross Knight rode out once more as champion of Christendom against the Barbarians. It is the aim of this little book to restore the elements long, and often designedly, slurred over in telling the story from Julius Cæsar to Elizabeth. For the great new order of men who plundered and annexed the country by way of a Reformation from 1530 onwards did not care to have these elements largely displayed. They had rifled the Church, turned the abbeys into family mansions, got the fee-simple of monastic estates, despoiled not only the chantries where England's dead found remembrance but the guilds which enabled England's living folk to thrive on what their own hands wrought in numberless beautiful ways. Saints and monks and crusaders and yeomen and craftsmen, with abundance of fighting, but, as the author shows, a still greater proficiency in the arts of peace, all went to make up that English people, whose history truly reported confounds the modern peerage but is not very welcome to the philosophic Liberal. I read, for instance, in J. R. Green that the "New Monarchy," which sprang up with Edward IV. and died on the scaffold with Charles I., owed its absolute power to the collapse of feudalism, the weakening of religious sanctions wielded by the priesthood, and the check given to the progress of constitutional freedom. Then he observes, "The social organisation from which our political constitution had hitherto sprung . . . had been silently sapped by the progress of industry, by the growth of spiritual and intellectual enlightenment and by changes in the art of war. Its ruin was precipitated by the new attitude of men towards the Church, by the disfranchisement of the Commons, and by the decline of the Baronage." It is manifest that Green, while recording the ruin of freedom, has got into a strange tangle when he assigns among its causes "the progress of industry" and "spiritual and intellectual enlightenment." His vague Liberalism would be the better if it enjoyed a little more of this double radiance. The plain truth is that old England, so long as it held to its faith and its tradition of Law, possessed in Church, monasteries, guilds, and common lands, a vast national property, by which the people could maintain themselves in freedom. The whole of this real Res Publica has been gradually seized by the Crown, the Peers, and a peer-ridden or capitalist-controlled Parliament, ever since Sir Thomas More noted and announced the first attacks upon it. But philosophical Liberals have treated the English Revolution, which proved so great a misfortune and so lasting a one, as somehow due to the progress of industry with which "enlightenment," for this world and the next, was careful to keep in step. Such a theory my indignant author would reckon among "the filthy cobwebs of four hundred years." I cannot think otherwise.

Mr. Chesterton quotes Cobbett, and associates himself with that sturdy Radical. I am glad when I see these names together. Cobbett's grip on the realities of English Life was firm; his eyes pierced deep into the shams which masqueraded as Church, King, Parliament, but which were a confederacy of interests holding pretty nearly all that was worth having in these Islands. "Cobbett was the one man who saw the tendency of the

time as a whole, and challenged it as a whole," says Mr. Chesterton, "consequently he went without support." There is something audacious in preferring the vision of Cobbett to the ripe wisdom of Burke. Yet, as again this volume points out, Burke, who was Whig and Tory in his completeness, never could be a democrat; neither did he realise that the English people by losing their land had been transformed into wage-earners, rural or town-dwelling, and that the change was fundamental. Here is one reason why Mr. Chesterton admires, and would have the British proletariat follow the example of Ireland. For the Irish always knew that representation at Westminster was a means to their supreme object, the recovery of their land from the landlords. Look at the moral which is staring us in the face: Ireland need not fear submarines. Her people, holding the land, raise the food they require. The agrarian agitation is justified of its agitators. But England's millions cannot tell barley from oats. And famine might well be our only harvest of lordly parks, with their "tall ancestral trees," their lawns and coverts and stolen commons, inside a ring fence.

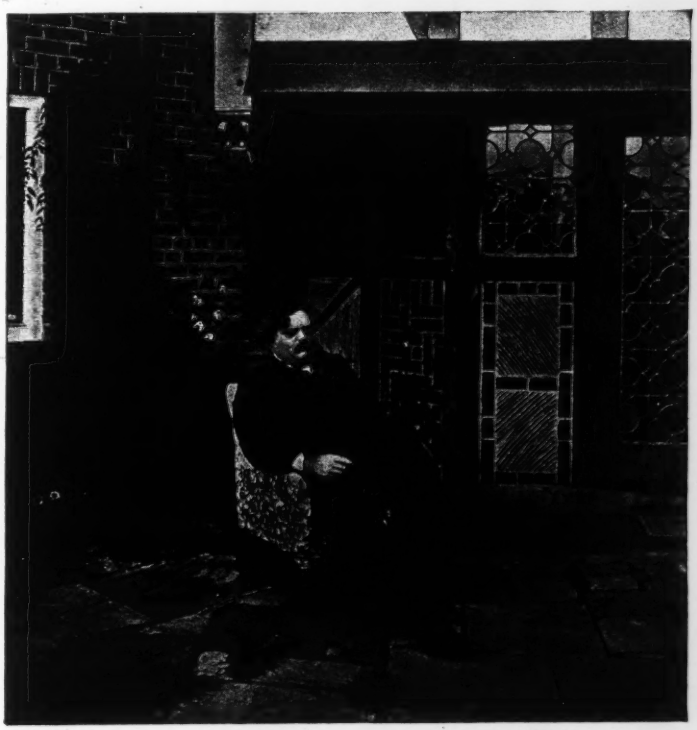


Photo by Thomas Lewis, Birmingham. **G. K. Chesterton,** in the garden of his house at Beaconsfield.

If then we praise what is rather too superficially known as literature, Mr. Chesterton will satisfy our supposed æsthetic craving for art by his originality, liveliness, wit, fancy, eloquence, and passion. He is not a resurrectionist of buried documents; Lord Acton might have relegated him to the period which he calls that of "bows and arrows." But on second thoughts Lord Acton would perhaps have wondered if this lightly-furnished landsknecht had not penetrated into the secret of history, which was hidden from his own universal study of sources. The facts are so simple, written over the surface of events like the names of large countries on maps. Therefore, the "minute" historian, who corresponds to Berkeley's "minute philosopher," has not much, often not at all, regarded them. It does not really matter, for example, to the people how Darnley came by his death or what were the relations of Elizabeth and Robert Dudley. But it did matter to them, and it matters at this moment, that when the Church was exploited by the Crown, when the monks were thrown out and lay Lords came in, when Parliament filched the commons from the villages and introduced Poor Law-rating, the nation as a living whole suffered robbery and fell several degrees lower in independence even more than it did in comfort. These are the things which set a man like G. K. Chesterton ablaze with indignation, until his pen becomes the staff of a prophet and he smites the heads of many who hold the English millions in bonds. He is of the school to which Patrick Geddes belongs; and the ideal that made the lips of Henry George eloquent is his, though the single tax may be no way of escape from proletarian nations and servile states. I cannot quote even one of the flaming sentences that in this book ray out wisdom on our darkness. All I can do is to say most emphatically, "Differ if you like, but read and read on. Grant that you never thought of English history from this point of view. Then try honestly to look at it now as the tale of a nation's disinheritance. And ask yourself if it is not true."

But I would never end my speculations in politics of so great a compass on a dying fall. Even Puritans and Whigs have not lived in vain, though St. George's lance swings dangerously near their severe or courtly figures. They contrived to make a full end of the "New Monarchy"; they founded America; and the Pilgrim Fathers might have been proud of Franklin, did any of their prophets foresee the Philadelphian printer; while Edmund Burke, who could not endure majorities "told by the head," left us, metaphorically speaking, his own brains whereby to withstand equally lawless despotism and tyrant democracy. We still possess in England the resources, the machinery, the inspiration, of freedom able to vindicate to national use and benefit the riches of its soil, its rights of way, its industry, education, and religion. I am far from despairing of all this, once the people have been led to consider how they lost their inheritance and to resolve that they will get it back. I note signs and portents which announce the coming change; and St. George's "Short History of England" is not the least among them. Therefore, my dear Bookman, I say once more, read it.

HEARTS OF CONTROVERSY.*

By WILLIAM CANTON.

IN this arresting little volume of essays Mrs. Meynell calls on us to swing our compasses afresh, and to revise our estimate of certain great names. That "unanimous acclamation which includes mere clamour," and reaction, "the paltry precipitancy of the multitude," have done their best and their worst. To-day the one can take away no more than the other gave yesterday. Meanwhile an inevitable law has been evolving its steady changes in life and outlook, and the question on which Mrs. Meynell challenges judgment now is the validity of the claims of these reputations to greatness.

In regard to Tennyson at least her vindication cannot but be largely effective. Her appeal is made to the lovers of poetry, that "vigorous little nation" within the multitudinous nation of England. However impatient of old restraints these may be, with whatever rash eagerness of new convictions, new aspirations, new passion and new methods, they look for the coming dawn in which it will be heaven to be young, they can scarcely resist a claim urged with such clear evidence and so frank an admission of blemishes and limitations.

In these pages Tennyson is broadly "the poet with the great welcome style and the little unwelcome manner," and, in the next place, "the modern poet who withstood France." On this latter plea there is room for a wide difference of opinion. One remembers Mr. Stopford Brooke's vivid picture of the insularity of his patriotism. In its extreme he "became, with a curious reversion to the type of the Englishmen of Nelson's time, the natural opponent, even the mocker of France and the French character." "He had but little sympathy in his poetry with other nations"; and in the struggle for liberty Poland, in his youth, and Montenegro, in his age, alone moved him to open utterance. He was English when one would have wished him to be so much besides being English. But we shall seek long before we find in as few pages so comprehensive, so discriminative, so illumined an appreciation of that great style whose magic makes fresh what others have outworn; of that imagination which not only sees but makes us, too, clairvoyant. There are citations in evidence—what a glamour there is in words when we realise "the solitary morning"! The "mountain lawn," however, which Tennyson seems credited with lifting into the wild, is the "launde" of Piers Plowman, the "lawn" of Malory and of old Romance: "They rode into the forest of adventures till they came to a lawn, and thereby they found a cross."

As to "the little unwelcome manner"—even though Mrs. Meynell grants that "there is never a passage of manner but a great passage of style rebukes our dislike"—is there not too frequent and over scornful an insistence? Why should the last thought of our poet recall him "walking delicately, like Agag"? Indeed, if we take the most congruous renderings of a doubtful text, there was no "little foppery" and nothing of "the warrior with the pouncet-box" in Agag, when that ruthless savage "came fawningly," or was dragged "in chains" before Samuel.

The subtle and characteristic revision of the claims of Dickens should persuade many of us to a fresh and closer reading of the great writer who belonged more intimately to his own generation that he could belong to ours. Instead of the public "which was as present to him as an actor's audience is to the actor," he has had another and yet another "house." That was Time's iniquity. Doubtless we have been too slow to recognise that caricature may be something great in art, and too dull to perceive that the people of Dickens were not meant to be looked at "in the round." So it has been our fault to judge him, not by what he achieved, but by what we held that a great novelist must achieve.

You will have barely read the opening pages on "Swinburne's Lyrical Poetry" before you feel the "grue" of an almost eerie atmosphere of antagonism. "We predicate of a poet," writes Mrs. Meynell, "a great sincerity, a great imagination, a great passion, a great intellect"; but here is a poet—and "thrice a poet"—in whom we are to discern none of these supreme qualities. He is a vivid writer of English, a complete master of the power and enchantment of verse, a lover of beauty, a compeer among the splendid poets of the forest and the sun; and yet—and yet he has perfervid fancy rather than imagination, puny passion instead of sincerity, the momentary reaction of an infirm and impulsive soul, an intellect so small and so irresponsible that even his admiration of greatness in others must be denied its generosity. The charge that his words became a habit to himself is not to be gainsaid. Tennyson had good cause to retort that most could raise his flower since all had got the seed, but Swinburne's word-magic recoiled on himself, to his undoing; many who had been caught up in the first rapture wearied of his "music" long before the end. But what an inversion is this, that his vocabulary was one of the sources of his thoughts; and what an illusory contention, that he has ravaged the language and spoiled it for the use of contemporaries.

A foolish outburst of wounded vanity—think of what outrage an angry tongue can inflict!—seems inadequate ground for impugning his "value for art and letters." But there is a graver charge, one which would reduce his very personality to the simulacrum of a man, to a mere sounding-board for the passions and thoughts, the "political, sexual, natural, noble, vile, ideal, gross, rebellious, agonising, imperial, republican" thoughts and passions of other men. "Upon these and their life," upon Mazzini, Gautier, Baudelaire, Shelley, "he sustained, he fattened, he enriched his poetry"; yet withal this poet, who was "little more, intellectually, than a too-vacant capacity," had not room for the Greeks, for Milton, for the English Bible. I find myself in the shadow of the *mohwa* tree, listening to the denunciation of the *Bandar-log*, who are outside

* "Hearts of Controversy." By Alice Meynell. 5s. net. (Burns & Oates.)

the Law of the Jungle: "They have no speech of their own, but use stolen words they overhear. Their way is not our way. We do not drink where they drink. We do not die where they die." This obloquy is too much. Fairness resents it as unproved, fantastic, rash, and beyond the pale of humane criticism.

It is a pleasure to turn to the pages on "Charlotte and Emily Brontë." The immediate matter of controversy seems of no great concern, but one is alternately charmed and singularly moved by the picture of these undying sisters.

Photo by Sherril Schell. **Mrs. Meynell.**

To whatever extent we agree, or disagree, with Mrs. Meynell, these essays compel, if only for their style, to a second and even a third reading. When she forgoes the joy of an asperity which is sometimes less than just, her style suggests possession of an eighth sense, so rare is its distinction, its opulence, its precision, so sure its power to crystallise the elusiveness of thought, so often is it tinged with that "Celtic" charm, which, by the way, Matthew Arnold claimed as English fifty years ago.

LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

BY J. P. COLLINS.

THE awkward heritage of an author who has trafficked among many publishers is no worse than that of the man who has halved his career between literature and politics. It vexes him in the writing of his memoirs—which is, in a way, an evasion of the literary death duties; it certainly weighs heavily upon the class of executor we call reviewers. In the present quarter, our main concern is less with Lord Morley the statesman than with his other self, the biographer, critic, essayist, and one of the most winning of all modern guides to Parnassus. Nothing would be easier or more congenial than to enlarge upon his enthusiastic portraiture of Gladstone, Chamberlain, Lord Spencer and others, or on the curious absence of tribute to men who have missed their share of final success—men like Dilke and Dufferin. The gentle ironist might find room for a wedge of misgiving between the championship of Liberalism in the ardent chapters of the first volume and certain methods and arguments of administration in the second. He might proceed to ask why political prisoners should be so sacred even in critical times that demand a deterrent, and why party defaulters should be so rife after their services have been rewarded? He might fairly question whether the "men on the spot" can be so fallible during their tenure of office in India (though not in Ireland, it seems), and yet prove so omniscient when they come home and are relegated to the Lords. With the same dispassionate artlessness he might ask why the absenteeism that was the curse of Ireland before the Land Acts should qualify a secretary at Whitehall for absolute rule over Viceroys and their staffs, advisory or otherwise. But these are the puzzles that no man outside Westminster will ever understand, and no man inside that charmed circle can ever explain. Therefore, while Lord Morley's early chapters are calculated to inspire and shape many a statesman yet unborn, and his service to Ireland is a monument of itself, one may be pardoned for rejoicing that he kept one lobe of his brain for literature and reflection, and it is this better half that comes up for consideration now.

Northern humour and a still more northern gravity were no ill endowment for a man set down in the middle of last century, and whether Lord Morley overrates the Victorian era or not, he certainly breeds envy by the account he gives us of his invigorating derivation. He was born with an iron spoon in his mouth, but it was iron with the true ring in it, and the workaday town of Blackburn in the 'forties was no bad place for what Lamb calls a kindly engendure. It gave him earnestness and diligence according to the pattern of his surroundings, a love of learning from his father, a country

* "Recollections." By Lord Morley. In 2 vols. 26s. net. (Macmillan.)

doctor, and the saving grace of a Lancashire mother-wit. He confesses still to a weakness for "unction" and he must have had his fill of it in thirty years of politics; but this is the only relic of the Methodism which was the Clayhanger atmosphere of his boyhood. The "stars" and destinies that cross the orbit of this book are a fashion of speech, for he no more believes in the maze and influence of the planets than he does in Him who made them. Controversialists will search in vain for anything but temperament and period to account for the development of this scion of a rigid nonconformity into a clerk of Oxenforde passing by the idea of orders, and thence into that familiar paradox, a learned sceptic. Of spiritual inkling or experience the book is complacently devoid. There was "a rising wind of inquiry" abroad, that is all, and a course of Darwin and Rénan and Comte and Mill did the rest. There is but one divinity in this book and his disappearance marks its zenith in a dramatic way. It used to be a charge against Lord Morley that he spelt God with a small "g," and the feeling arises that he was saving the capital honours for Mr. Gladstone. At any rate, it is the genius of Gladstone and what he stood for that inspires the best of these pages, and when he dies, the soul drops out of this book.

Having tried hard to avoid politics, we have come perilously near to theology. The task is now to avoid a lapse into history and as a chronicler we know our author's charm of old—his strong sense of realities, the living freshness of his impressions, the temper and maturity of his judgment, the ordered march of his thought, the sureness of his diction, the cool persuasion of his tone. Now and then, but only at rare intervals, he nods. The introduction is clogged with metaphor, uncharacteristically so; and there are sentences that could hardly have found their way into either of his books on "Burke," the "Compromise," the "Voltaire," or the "Life of Gladstone." Every man has his own touchstone for testing prose, and a single page here bristles with instances of a certain construction that makes for anæmia and monotony. Everywhere else you realise that you are in the presence of a writer who attains style by dint of a fine disdain. Style is like the goddess Fortune, who flees her pursuers. Possibly that is why Lord Morley's first schoolmaster was well advised when he noted "many of the elements of a sound prose style" in the lad's first attempt at a poem! That baffled pupil was not the first eminent man who missed his aim successfully, but few have profited by happy discomfiture so early, and this in the vocation which was to be the highway of his rising and his refuge in old age.

Richelieu said it was better to make history than to write it, but for men faced with the dilemma, few experiences can be more engaging than to step aside from the forum of public affairs into choice company along the sequestered walks of bookland. These richly varied memoirs make it clear that even in the press of Irish affairs or the jungles of the India Office, Lord Morley never lost his grip of literary interests. A lucky encounter—it was on the steps of the Reform Club, if memory serves—coaxed the young "Saturday" reviewer into the current of a great publishing house and gave us, among many precious things, that worthy if austere series of monographs, the "English Men of Letters." Its record here, like the story of the *Fortnightly* and certain pages about the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gives us the relish of editorship in better times before Circulation climbed into the saddle. Lord Morley left behind him the tradition that he cared little for the rest of the paper when his leader-page was passed, and in this he followed the older and serener school of journalism which looked upon its duties as Acton looked on history, when he declined to "take his meals in the kitchen." Kitchen, in fact, might almost stand as a euphemism for the laundries some present-day editors haunt, but there are compensating virtues in homeliness sometimes, and shirt sleeves may be more than coronets when it comes to settling the balance between master and man. Next to periodicals the most congenial influences on our author's development were Mill and Chamberlain and Meredith, and the reminiscences of that motley trio are valuable, every line. To hear of Mill in his old age invoking the bombs of Orsini on Napoleon the Little, gives us a leap at the heart; it comes vitally near our mood to-day, and we ask ourselves like Lady Macbeth, "Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?" The Chamberlain friendship is another theme that quickens the pulse, but the Meredith chapter affords the best reading, because there the friendship was true give-and-take, and our author was repaid for his exertions in making the novelist known, by a generous transfusion of spirit which must have been doubly stimulating for a tired public man. Here is a thought of true mintage from the man who, next to Gladstone, comes out greatest in this book. Meredith is writing home in 1861 and recounting his first glimpse of the Alps:

> "They have the whiteness, the silence, the beauty and mystery of thoughts seldom unveiled within us, but which conquer Earth wherever they are. In fact, they have made my creed tremble. Our great error has been (the error of all religion, as I fancy) to raise a spiritual system of antagonism to Nature."

The fallacy in this is to lump all nature into a bolus to be swallowed at a gulp, and that kind of prescription is no fairer to nature than it is to literature, or science, or party, or even to a book. Doubtless if Meredith had lived to see this day, which he more than half foretold, he would have asked how it came about that a man who has so long expounded the bold and liberal thought of France should desert her in this crucial hour of trial. To that query this book contains no kind of answer. To lay it down is like rising with a yawn from a garden seat on an autumn afternoon, and then as Duty waylays you at the gate, humbly giving thanks for faith in darkling times. No man after reading these volumes can be ungrateful to their author or want to parley with him on the vital question of the day. Whatever secrets or qualms statesmen may bear in their bosom, the race is at its best when it elects to "carry on" and leave the wayside grotto to Diogenes. As for Lord Morley's pet maxim that "Death is Death," I like to wonder what Diana of the Crossways would have answered. She had a sharp way with platitudes. Probably she would have said: "Oh, no, it all depends."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric. Imitations and paraphrases are inadmissible.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best that can be said for Margarine in four lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1917.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Margaret K. McEvoy, 3, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2, and Lettie Cole, Doyer House, Pontrilas, Herefordshire, for the following:

YOUTH.

No longer may I hold those wingèd feet
Beside me in this shadowing autumn land;
Yet for one moment's bitter-sweet
Shake back the wind-blown locks of thy retreat
And clasp me by the hand.

How else believe thee mine in days gone by?
Mine—oh, the wonder—with those locks of gold,
Those eyes of visions—feet that fly—
Thou morning lark—thou dew-wet flower;—and I
So faded and so old.

Mine, yet not mine—alas! those alien eyes
That hurt me with their comrade light withdrawn:
Hast thou forgotten all that lies
Behind us in that glamorous paradise,
Life's far-away, sweet morn?

Farewell, then! not for thee this autumn shade;
Nor unto me unmitigated pain;
For in that land God's love has made
Where youth shall never age nor beauty fade,
We shall be one again—
Sweet vanished Youth, we shall be one again.

MARGARET K. MCEVOY.

A PRAYER.

If I may not mix with the throng
In crowded ways of life,
Whence floats a sigh or snatch of song
And sounds of joy and strife—
Where lovers walk and children play,
Where Sorrow bears his load,
Grant me a window by the way
That I may watch the road.

If I may never tremblingly
Traverse Love's rubicon,
Grant me in other's joys to be
A happy looker-on;
And if I never know the pain
Of bitter grief and loss,
Grant that I may not try in vain
To lift another's cross.

If fullest life should be my lot
To me remembrance give
In grief or joy, that I may not
Forget I longed to LIVE—
But if my thoughts and wishes stray
Past my appointed goal,
To bear the sameness of each day
Grant me a valiant soul!

LETTIE COLE.

We also select for printing:

LOVE'S STAY.

Love fluttered down from the heavens and came to us,
Came with his wings folded near to his side;

Photo by Sidney Hicks, Dublin.

Pamela Hinkson and Giles Aylmer Patrick Hinkson,
Lieut., Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Daughter and younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan). Their eldest son, Theobald Henry, Lieut. Royal Irish Regiment, is on active service in Palestine.

Came down to whisper his wonderful name to us,
Murmur the music that none else could frame to us,
Sang that for ever with us he'd abide,
Sang—and then died.

(Godfrey Bobbins, Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, South Africa.)

SUSPENDED CHORDS.

These, Lord, my gifts to Thee!
The frailest filaments of dreams disdained,
And on life's little loom of trembling thought
The texture of some troubled truth attained.
But this my soul hath vainly wrought—
My garment torn and stained:
Is it for naught?
And must I naked be?

My love I fain would urge,
Though in my breast my heart with failing beat,
As wan and cold as midnight's withered sun,
Discovers but the dark dies in deceit
Of shrouds the tangled night hath spun;
And e'en this dying heat
From Thee I've won,
Ere morning vaunts the verge.

With heart of song I come!
Yet as within a broken shell are drowned
The linkèd bubbles of bright melody,
The crystalled scintillations of sweet sound
And secret singing of the sea,
So in my heart are bound
Chords Thou must free,
Else my poor mouth is dumb.

(R. Scott Frayn, Rock House, Grassington, Skipton, Yorks.)

From the unusually large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Alberta Vickridge (Bradford), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), Edwin J. Pratt (Toronto), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Capt. A. J. Price (Southport), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), Hilary Thorpe (Ipswich), Sergeant E. M. Ayre (Salonica), Sapper Harold H. Danby (B.E.F.), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), E. R. L. (Durham), Roland Goodchild (Beckenham), Grace A. Cracknall (London, W.), Madge Mears (North Shields), Arthur Thrush (Salisbury Plain), Corporal Chas. W. Kent (Redcar), N. Paliant Cassera (Kilburn), W. J. Fawcett (Belfast), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Private H. Baxter (Caister), Bernard Warburton (Highgate), Mervyn Trevor (Jersey), H. Drury (Streatham), Lieut. G. N. Goodman (Birmingham), Norma E. Smith (Halifax, N.S.), A. Latham (Wigan), Violet E. Dismore (Southend), Cyril G. Taylor (Bellaghy), D. Esme Bailey (Sydenham), Private R. C. Bodker (Woolwich), J. R. Mallinson (Maidstone), C. E. S. (Glasgow), Roselle St. John (Thornton Heath), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), John Wayne (Leighton Buzzard), Kate E. Bunce (Birmingham), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), H. J. Dawtry (Dundee), P. Allott (Sheppey), R. T. Barton (Plaistow), Sybil Verner (Woolwich), Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), Ada F. Strike (Worthing), Clare C. M. Wayland (Leytonstone), Ethel E. Mannin (Wimbledon), Private D. W. Quenby-Ashby (Derby), E. Binney (Cambridge), B. E. Stevens (Sandwich Bay), Miss F. Olsen (B.E.F., France), K. (Catford), Anthea (Teignmouth), G. J. Murray (Christchurch, N.Z.), Private W. Mottershead (Hull), Hettie Wolff (Hammersmith), Norah Denny (London, W.), Enid D. Woolbright (Chelsea), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Sadie C. Clay (Wakefield), R. N. Watson (Southport), Mabel Malet (Hull), Joyce O'Dwyer (Birmingham), George Savill (Brockley), H. M. Dixon (North Shields), Irene Arlington Davies (Crickhowell), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), M. H. Asterley (Lichfield), S. M. R. (Hampstead), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), Corporal A. M. Reid (Plymouth), R. A. H. Goodyear (Scarborough), E. A. Scrutton (Newport), Gladys Hazel (Leicester), H. S. Wilson (Troon), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), I. L. Watts (Regent's Park), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Dorothea Jackson (Portsmouth), R. H. McCrea (Chesterfield), Rose E. Sullivan (Horwich), Anna Walker (Sleights), Ivan Palmer (Bournemouth), William C. Pocock (Bristol), D. Stewart Wright (Glasgow).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss M. K. Perkins, of 24, Claremont Road, Highgate, N.6, for the following:

AN UNCENSORED DIARY. By E. D. BULLITT.
(Stanley Paul.)
"It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends."
O. W. HOLMES, *To the Portrait of a Lady.*

We also select for printing:

A NUMBER OF THINGS. By DIXON SCOTT.
(Foulis.)
"Shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Cabbages—and kings."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking Glass.*
(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

A GIRL WITH MONEY. By FLORENCE WARDEN.
(Ward, Lock.)
"Her father he has locked the door
Her mother keeps the key."
Song.
(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind School, S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

A GIRL WITH MONEY. By FLORENCE WARDEN.
(Ward, Lock.)
"Each wanted to make her his own."
Bab Ballads.
(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE STORY OF A GREAT SIN.
By MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON.
"Taffy came to my house,
And stole a leg of beef."
Old Nursery Rhyme.
(May Bell, Bisham, Seymour Avenue, Johannesburg.)

GONE TO EARTH. By MARY WEBB.
(Constable.)
"He that is down needs fear no fall."
JOHN BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress, Pt. II.*
(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines of original verse on the Sugar Card is awarded to Violet E. Dismore, of 80, Whitegate Road, Southend-on-Sea, for the following:

The thought of Sugar Cards we find
"Distasteful," till we see
Economy will help to bring
The "sweets" of victory.

The papers sent in have been very numerous but, on the whole, rather disappointing. We specially commend the quatrains by Rev. J. Brown Young (Fife), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), D. Payne (Southampton), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), A. Violet Gandy (Bath),

Mrs. Alice Wise (Leicester), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), John Boyne (Glasgow), Mrs. G. A. Anderson (Woldingham), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), M. Grace Cameron (Fort William), Ena D. Reynolds (Newport), D. Leedham-Fuller (Hindhead).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to F. W. Tickner, 15, Highcroft Gardens, Golder's Green, N.W.4, for the following:

RECOLLECTIONS. BY VISCOUNT MORLEY. (Macmillan.)

We may well envy the writer this record of his life. "Nothing is here for tears . . . no weakness, no despair." In this work the greatest exponent of philosophical Radicalism shows how he carried his principles into the varied spheres of journalism, literature, politics, and government. It is difficult to say which aspect is most attractive, though the space devoted to government seems disproportionate. For ourselves, we have most enjoyed the story of his friendships, for he possessed in a wonderful degree the gift of making and *keeping* friends. Would that his pen could give us our definitive Life of Chamberlain.

We also select for printing:

A LIBRARY FOR FIVE POUNDS. BY CLAUDIUS CLEAR. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Every booklover who reads "A Library for Five Pounds," will find in it something of interest and charm. There are volumes here in all realms of literature, ranging from works of reference to collections of poems. The notes and choice among the works of many of the authors included in the list are not only of interest in themselves, but they stimulate the reader's own sense of value and his power of criticism. The author's knowledge of editions makes the book a valuable guide.

(Winifred Bates, General Boys' School, Bridport.)

THIS IS THE END. BY STELLA BENSON. (Macmillan.)

A philosophy that will show the meaning of this apparently illogical world is the desire of all who wish to make life bearable. Jay, a woman bus-conductor and a Seeker of Truth, discovers after living in wonderful dreams, that the only lasting truth is Reality. Miss Benson takes her readers into a mystic world of joy, then leaves them with her bus-conductor (Miss Benson does not know what a heroine is), staring at the great, impassable wall of real life. "This is the End" is a book that grips one by its intense originality and its marvellous pathos.

(Miss J. Purdy, Main Road, Lower Hutt, Wellington, New Zealand.)

HUNGERHEART. ANONYMOUS. (Methuen.)

This moving book is not a novel in the strict sense, but the history of a woman's soul from childhood until she at last finds rest in the Roman Catholic Church. In its deep inwardness, rich sincerity and true realism it is far above and beyond the ordinary story-telling autobiography. A strong personality is revealed, generous, brilliant in intellectual gifts, utterly lovable, struggling through the years and making endless mistakes because nothing short of the highest was acceptable. As we close the book our heart goes out to the writer in a manner very rare in these hard-headed days.

(Florence G. Fidler, 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W.6.)

TWINKLETOES. BY THOMAS BURKE. (Grant Richards.)

When we see a new story connected with the underworld we are inclined to be rather cynical, because usually stories of this sort either touch the subject so lightly as to be unconvincing, or go to the other extreme and lay so much stress on it that they border on the sensational. This book is not like that. Each character is sketched with a finesse and gentleness of touch that in no way detracts from its intense reality. Twinkletoes, as she dances her way to destruction through Chinatown, will not soon fade from the minds of those who read this book.

(H. B. Carson, 61, Omeath Street, Belfast, Ireland.)

Dr. Douglas Hyde.

From "Douglas Hyde," by Diarmid O. Cobhthaigh (Maunsel), reviewed in this Number.

WOMAN GUIDES. BY W. SHAW HEATH. (Heinemann.)

If a person be rotten to the core, is the discoverer of that fact justified in ridding the world of his evil influence? This question is raised in "Woman Guides." But how can the judge ascertain his own impartiality? There are exceptional cases. Perhaps few would condemn the murderer of the Kaiser, and in this novel the reader has little sympathy with the victim. Judge and judged stand out against a background of surely the dullest folk that ever author's art presented to the reader without letting his interest flag. A convincing novel, its characters well drawn, its plot interesting.

(D. Ensor, 49, Foxley Lane, Purley, Surrey.)

We select for special commendation the thirty reviews by Edith Harman (Taunton), E. K. N. (London, S.W.), Frederick Willmar (Ramsey), Chas. H. Barker (Clapham), Mrs. C. W. E. Webb (Southam), Kathleen W. Coates (Market Harborough), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), Gladys Plummer (Balham), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Geo. M. Buckley (Southport), Helen Goodwin (Uttoxeter), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), M. J. Dobie (Chester), E. List (Ilfracombe), V. Huish (Derby), W. M. Griffiths (Wakefield), Kate M. Tupman (Worthing), Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin), M. B. Isitt (Braunton), H. M. Creswell Payne (Bodmin), Private H. E. Leeds (Salthouse), May Bell (Johannesburg), Edward S. Hodgson (Coventry), Dorothy L. Warne (Buxton), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington), Anna G. M. Fraser (London, W.), Private C. D. Jones (Witley), William Sinclair (Birmingham), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Lily McCullough, of 10, Dunluce Avenue, Lisburn Road, Belfast.

New Books.

GOOD FRIDAY.*

Restless experimentalist that he is, Mr. Masefield has chosen a subject beyond all other subjects difficult and insusceptible to the treatment called modern. The Crucifixion is a theme for religious art, but for realistic modishness it is the last theme in the world. It is not a free subject; it is heavily laden with the tradition and the faith of many centuries. To innovate is vulgarity, to copy is to fail—for what literary artist shall easily match the religious mind of the writers of the gospels? Were there such an artist, one with the power of Bunyan added to the power of the evangelists, one with the verse of Shelley added to the vision of Bunyan, something perfectly new, some originating conception, might be discovered; and except on these terms the literary artist must needs feel himself defeated at the merest aspiring glance. And does he not, moreover, enhance his difficulties by attempting dramatic form? Dramatic form, when the drama is but printed, inevitably shows the scaffold in front of the building, the technical directions seeming the more insistent as they are the more obscurely and briefly ciphered; and hence it is impossible not to feel an intolerable jar when, for instance, Pilate orders that sand shall be cast where the blood lies, and is followed with "(*Music off*)." Could any literary representation of the Crucifixion win success now, it could only be (save by a miracle, not in contemplation) by the use of simple narrative, in which the challenge of the gospels should be frankly accepted.

The most terrible subject in the world has not yielded itself to Mr. Masefield's attempt. Thankfully will it be acknowledged that he does not approach the subject in an unworthy mood; regretfully is it seen that he does not "approach" it at all. He remains at the antipodes. He has plainly done what he can, and has done it in a way with which no personal fault is to be found. It is his conception that fails—an imaginative failure. Thinking of this terrible subject, he has asked himself—Now what probably happened? How *did* Pilate look at Jesus? What did Pilate's wife think? What could the centurion think? How could Joseph of Arimathea approach Pilate? The sentry at the door—could he be impressed by the passage of Jesus to and from the hall, or would he not pay no more attention than to any other offender, and pursue his own thoughts just as a man in Flanders would? And how excellent that idea of the punishment of the pseudo-King leading to a reconciliation between Pilate and Herod. . . . Who knows the mind of another? All that can be said, as it must be said, without offence, is that "Good Friday" betrays nothing more than such a reasonable conception of familiar facts. There is no hint that an overpowering vision of the Crucifixion came to the author and swallowed up his own powers in its new power.

The play opens with Pilate telling Longinus to release Barabbas, at the mob's choice, while Jesus is to be scourged and put outside the gate. Pilate's wife enters, and Pilate rebukes her for interrupting him in court with her dreams, and as they talk the Chief Citizen comes with a message from the Sanhedrim that Jesus has been claiming Kingship—had at first merely preached, but has been flattered into imaginary sovereignty. A blind Madman enters as Pilate withdraws, and cries:

> "Only a penny, a penny—
> Lilies brighter than any."

He pleads for Jesus, but other citizens enter and talk violently, and "a voice" sings:

> "As I came by the market I heard a woman sing:
> 'My love did truly promise to wed me with a ring,
> But, oh, my love deceived me and left me here forlorn
> With my spirit full of sorrow, and my baby to be born.'"

Another "voice" is heard denying Jesus thrice, and then Pilate returns, talking to Longinus. "I like this Jesus man." Nevertheless sentence is passed, and the Jews, anticipating brutal opportunities, talk vilely; and when the prisoner is taken out the Madman remains, musing alone in beautiful verse upon:

> "Some green valley of eternal mind
> Where Truth is daily like the water's song."

There are other snatches of alien lyricism, and then a recital by the centurion of the scene on Golgotha. A single line will show the note upon which this recital is sustained:

> "The hangman's squad were dicing for his clothes."

With Herod's visit and the Madman's singing the play ends:

> "Beautiful lilies grow
> Wherever the truth so sweet
> Has trodden with bloody feet."

The play is written mainly in rhymed couplets, in a military staccato. Mr. Masefield has bent a serious mind upon his task, and if I find myself wishing he had refused the task it is for such large and general reasons as I have mentioned. It is a cold play, and it comes oddly from the author of those famous narrative poems.

JOHN FREEMAN.

* "Good Friday: A Play in Verse." By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

THE NEW MEDICINE.*

For those who wish to understand at a glance the significance of Dr. Jung's theories in the field of modern analytical psychology, the following passage will be illuminating.

"What possible value and meaning can a neurosis have? Is it not a most useless and repulsive pest of humanity? Can being nervous do anyone good? . . . I have known more than one person who attributed all his usefulness, and the justification for his existence even, to a neurosis, that hindered all decisive stupidities of his life, *compelling* him to lead an existence which developed what was valuable in him; material that would have been crushed had not the neurosis with its iron grip forced the man to keep to the place where he really belonged. There are people the meaning of whose life—whose real significance—lies in the unconscious; in consciousness lies only all that is vain and delusive. With others the reverse is the case, and for them the neurosis has another significance. An extended (psychological) reduction is appropriate to the one, but emphatically unsuited to the other."

It is now some years since the Zürich school of Psychological Medicine under the brilliant leadership of Dr. Jung, parted company with the Viennese school under Dr. Freud. The teachings of Dr. Jung have found little place so far in English medical schools, which show a peculiarly non-progressive spirit in the treatment of the "nervous case." Disturbances in the mind and in the emotional life, which are so frequent in modern times, are scarcely studied seriously in this country from the psychological point of view. The appearance, therefore, of a second edition of Dr. Jung's contributions to analytical psychology is welcome, and Dr. Long is to be congratulated on the admirable manner in which she has prepared the volume. A new chapter has been added since the first edition, dealing with the relation of the psychological ego to the psychological non-ego, and fresh material has been introduced in other places.

Scientific theories that concern themselves with the human soul have hitherto been criticised on the grounds of narrowness. The theories of Freud merited this criticism. But readers of Dr. Jung's works will be unable to bring forward the objection of narrowness. For Dr. Jung, the neurosis is a broad moral question, and the process of

* "Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology." By C. G. Jung, M.D. (Zürich). Edited by Dr. Constance E. Long. Second edition, pp. 492. (Balliere, Tindall & Cox.)

curative analysis, which aims at finding a way out by studying the unconscious, is a moral task. He is a champion of the modern expressionist theories which permeate so much of the literature of to-day, but his teachings concerning proper expression in life are the outcome of a deep and mature mind. In this respect he far outstrips Freud, who remains diligently obsessed by his sexual theory of the human soul.

There are few volumes which contain so much practical teaching on the nature of sick souls as this collection of papers. The growth of Dr. Jung's views can be traced step by step, from his first paper published in 1902, to the last published in 1916, and the series is of extreme interest both to the layman as well as to the physician. For any one who has thought at all about the problems of human life will find in these pages answers to many questions. Dr. Jung is a forerunner, and his influence on the future will be great.

Dr. Jung finds a parallel between the neurotic and the present war.

"The psychological events that accompany the present war—the incredible brutalisation of public opinion, the epidemic of mutual calumnies, the unsuspected mania for destruction, the unexampled flood of mendacity, and man's incapacity to arrest the bloody demon—are they not one and all better adapted than anything else to force obtrusively the problem of the chaotic unconscious, which slumbers uneasily beneath the ordered world of consciousness, before the eyes of every thinking individual? . . . The psychology of the individual corresponds to the psychology of nations. What nations do each individual does also, and as long as the individual does it, the nation will do it too. . . . But he who bethinks himself about his own being strikes against the confines of the unconscious, which contains precisely that which is most needful for him to know."

Hitherto we have sought to solve our problems, individual and national, with reference to what is conscious alone. That which is coming up as a symbol from the unconscious we have ignored.

Dr. Jung must be congratulated upon an achievement that is epoch-making, in the educational as well as in the medical world. For no worker in these fields of research can ignore the teachings of the distinguished leader of the Zürich school if he would seek to keep abreast of the times.

MAURICE NICOLL.

THE DEEPER SPIRIT.*

This book is to be placed on the shelf with "Mr. Britling." It is one of the strangely few novels that point the true spiritual moral of this war. So many essays of fiction in these days have caught at Armageddon, as if it were a mere border-fight or summer campaign, to clear the issues and find for the chief characters of a conventional effort redemption or a thrilling climax, that it is refreshing, stimulating, hopeful, to find Mr. Watson looking deeper into the effects, and realising from them what can sincerely be called a beautiful story. For is not the tragedy of tragedies in this world-shaking cataclysm the sudden going of so much that was splendidly youthful? The brightness of many eyes is quenched, the warmth of many hearts is turned to an eternal coldness, rare spirits have become cousins of the dust that a little while ago were radiant and enjoying a full vitality. Boys who, it seemed, were babies but the other day have gone out to play the man's game, and have played it valiantly. The pathos and the sadness are not for them. They have won such laurels as could not have been gained through the virtuosity of eighty years. It is the mothers and the fathers at home who pay the great price. Like birds in the sunshine their sons sang, and exulted, and went—"Children of Passage"—leaving fond pride and broken hearts behind them.

Such as that is the theme of this moving and beautiful novel. Mr. Watson has given to its development powers of high order and the skill that comes from careful experience. To an old-world corner of Scotland comes David Manning, the child of a pushful conquering merchant and a studiously self-indulgent mother. Like so much of the youth that came to the supreme test in August, 1914, David enjoys his life of playtime, and promises to be charmingly futile. He is in process of becoming a disappointment to his hurrying father, when he meets Iona, the daughter of a laird who has managed so to mismanage his inherited property that poverty looks in at the windows of Garroch. With his love, an ideal thereupon enters David's life; he is looking towards a nobler future than had hitherto occurred to him; when—the war. He goes to his duty. But the people of the Auld Hoose, those who love Iona and him; and because of their many years must stay at home—What of them? With the art that is founded on feeling and truth Mr. Watson paints his delicate story. The hue of his telling is grey; but it is neither depressing nor morbid. Indeed, the effect is strengthening, purifying. It has the cadence of a lingering trumpet-call in the heart. It moves the deepest chords of being.

The characters of the story are diverse and well-finished. Miss Christina, the old laird, and Colonel Gask are particular triumphs, though such as they are, surely, never to be found south of the Tweed. Iona is properly drawn with a faint brush, though her natural attractiveness to the very modern David is realised. Of Dr. Dumble we might well have seen more. Mr. Watson was probably right in his decision to keep this comedy figure subordinate; but we feel that the spirit of laughter such as he inspires might have been more used to balance the prevailing pathos. Among people to whom truth was everything this preaching butterfly and passing quack would have been a useful foil: his artificiality tending to accentuate their truthfulness. The one person who probably did not realise the author's intention is John Parish, the stay-at-home indolent minister, who is roused from his negligence to do his duty and assert the moral of all this sacrifice.

"Children of Passage" is not a novel of passage. It will be read during many to-morrows because of its unlikeness to all other books written in these days. It points a truth that will be more and more realised in the grey years that are to follow this experience of anger and tears. It is spiritually beautiful.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "Children of Passage." By Frederick Watson. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY.*

The appearance in book form of Mr. Gerard's record of his experiences as American Ambassador to Germany from November, 1913 to February, 1917, has been eagerly expected. The work was first printed as a series of articles in the *Daily Telegraph* during the summer of the past year, and among other interesting and exciting details was the text of the famous telegram sent by the Kaiser to President Wilson on August 10th, 1914. It is here reproduced in facsimile. Mr. Gerard's account of his Ambassadorship is absorbingly interesting from beginning to end. It is, on the whole, well written and in straightforward fashion, with no trace of self-laudation in the chronicle account of his own endeavours and achievements. Though it is possible to point out here and there a lapse from literary grace this falling off is so infrequent as to be practically negligible. A perhaps more insistent criticism must be the calling attention to the absence of an index, the omission of which is the cause of no little inconvenience to the reader, especially to the reviewer. It is greatly to be hoped that this omission will have been made good on the appearance of a second edition which in all likelihood will be called for.

In a particularly interesting and informing chapter we are given a general outline of the political and geographical conditions of the German Empire. The Reichstag, or

* "My Four Years in Germany." By James W. Gerard. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Imperial Parliament, is, we are informed, nothing but a debating society on account of the preponderating power of the Upper Chamber, the Bundesrat. In the usual procedure Bills are prepared and adopted in the Upper Chamber and then sent to the Reichstag for discussion. If they are passed by the latter they return to the Bundesrat, by which body they must be finally approved. It is also stated that the members of the Bundesrat have the right to appear and make speeches in the Reichstag. The Chancellor is appointed by the Emperor, to whom and not to the Reichstag he is responsible. Mr. Gerard speaks favourably of the Minister who was for most of the time of the Ambassador's period of service the Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, whom he believes to be a Liberal at heart. He is further of opinion that the Chancellor was opposed to the adoption of a ruthless submarine war. Of Admiral von Tirpitz he writes as follows:

"Like most Germans of the ruling class, ambition is his only passion. These Spartans do not care either for money or for the luxury which it brings. Their lives are on very simple lines, both in the army and navy, in order that the officers should not vie with one another in expenditure, and in order that the poorer officers and their wives shall not be subject to the humiliation which would be caused if they had to live in constant contact with brother officers living on a more luxurious footing.

Von Tirpitz's ambition undoubtedly led him to consider himself as a promising candidate for Bethmann-Hollweg's shoes. The whole submarine issue, therefore, became not only a question of military expediency and a question for the Foreign Office to decide in connection with the relations of America to Germany, but also a question of internal politics, a means of forcing the Chancellor out of office."

At various times the Ambassador endeavoured to obtain from the Chancellor and others a statement of the terms on which Germany was willing to make peace, but only on one occasion was he successful. This was during an interview with Bethmann-Hollweg a few weeks before Mr. Gerard was recalled on the cessation of diplomatic relations of his country with Germany.

"I said: 'What are these peace terms to which you refer continually? Will you allow me to ask a few questions as to the specific terms of peace? First, are the Germans willing to withdraw from Belgium?'

The Chancellor answered: 'Yes, but with guarantees.'

I said: 'What are these guarantees?'

He said: 'We must possibly have the forts of Liége and Namur; we must have other forts and garrisons throughout Belgium. We must have possession of the ports and other means of communication. The Belgians will not be allowed to maintain an army, but we must be allowed to retain a large army in Belgium. We must have the commercial control of Belgium.'

I said: 'I do not see that you have left much for the Belgians, excepting that King Albert will have the right to reside in Brussels with an honour guard.'

And the Chancellor said: 'We cannot allow Belgium to be an outpost (Vorwerk) of Great Britain'; and I said, 'I do not suppose the British, on the other hand, wish it to become an outpost of Germany, especially as Von Tirpitz has said that the coast of Flanders should be retained in order to make war on Great Britain and America.'

I continued: 'How about Northern France?'

He said: 'We are willing to leave Northern France, but there must be a rectification of the frontier.'

I said: 'How about the Eastern frontier?'

He said: 'We must have a very substantial rectification of our frontier.'

I said: 'How about Roumania?'

He said: 'We shall leave Bulgaria to deal with Roumania.'

I said: 'How about Serbia?'

He said: 'A very small Serbia may be allowed to exist, but that is a question for Austria. Austria must be left to do what she wishes to Italy, and we must have indemnities from all countries, and all our ships and Colonies back.'

Of course 'rectification of the frontier' is a polite term for 'annexation.'"

The interest of this citation may perhaps at a first reading cause the reader to overlook the "damnable iteration" of the "I saids" and the "he saids," but it will probably be otherwise on a reperusal. If such are, as given above, the war aims of the Central Powers, it may well account for their aversion from making such a declaration publicly, as they know full well how utterly such a preposterous attitude would be resisted by the Allies, while at the same time it clearly proves the insincerity of their initial peace offers.

From the foregoing extracts it may be judged how full of interest is Mr. Gerard's book. Some tribute of appreciation and admiration on the country's part is due to the ex-Ambassador for his unceasing efforts on behalf of our prisoners-of-war, for much of the improvement in their condition is undoubtedly the result of such efforts. Nor were his interests confined to those of our men and those of the Allies, for he also accomplished much on behalf of those of Germany. His fearlessness and outspokenness must have been a thorn-in-the-flesh to the authorities of the country to which he was accredited. Nor is he less outspoken in warning his own countrymen of the gravity of the situation and of the tremendous task ahead of them.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.*

Mr. Sampson has avowedly produced something of a schoolmaster's edition of Hazlitt. The volume is in three sections, and it is at least significant that the hundred and fifty pages of reprinted essays are followed by a hundred pages of annotations. But the devoted student will not object to this, especially as the work is well done. There is a delightful and tantalising allusiveness in Hazlitt's writings which makes the tracking-down of his quotations (to say nothing of his misquotations) an exhilarating pursuit. His mind was so stuffed with other people's phrases that consciously or unconsciously he reproduced them, and thus enriched his pages; but he had a treacherous memory, and it takes a patient investigator like Mr. Sampson to trace, "sounding on his way," to such widely separated sources as Chaucer and Wordsworth, and to explain that when Hazlitt wrote "etherial mould, sky-tinctured" he was combining ideas respectively from the second and fifth books of "Paradise Lost." The notes are full of interesting and informing revelations like these. But they are only incidental; the most important deal with persons and problems, or are explanatory of Hazlitt's casual references to books, dramas, and pictures. Mr. Sampson is so thorough, and he has found himself supplied with so many suggestive themes, that his longer notes are quite fascinating in themselves. His biographies of authors and actors of the time are models of precision and conciseness.

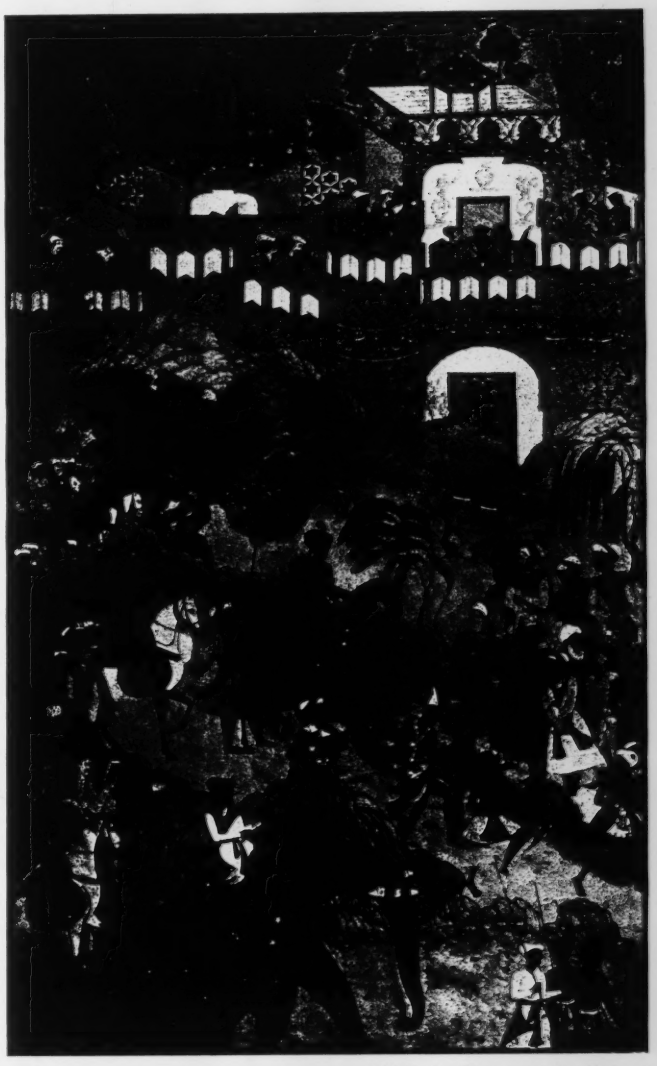
The principal difficulty which confronts a Hazlitt editor is how and what to select from the abundance of excellent material. With some half-dozen essays—"The Indian Jugglers," "Going a Journey," "Reading Old Books," "Pleasures of Painting," and the like, every one is familiar, and they cannot be excluded because they represent Hazlitt at his best. Mr. Sampson, severely restricting himself, has been compelled to accept the obvious; and since he set out to supply only a baker's dozen, his choice must be approved. Yet a Hazlitt devotee cannot but regret that the mass of Hazlitt literature remains unknown to the majority—literature that shows him in many moods, and is evidence of his diverse gifts. The magnificent tribute to Horne Tooke, the Junius-like epistle to Gifford, the remorseless criticism of Crabbe, the illuminating exposition of Dryden and Pope, the finely discriminating essay on Ben Jonson, the glorious "gusto" of the essays on the comic dramatists, the quiet humour of the analysis of "John Buncle," the epic descriptions of Napoleon's battles; here, to name a few at random, are variety and worth, and yet how seldom figuring among selections. It would only be bare justice to Hazlitt to let the whole world know that he wrote vastly more than the dozen or so of essays which so monotonously reappear. It seems part of the malignant fortune which has ever pursued this man of genius that even now, nearly ninety years after his death, his claims to greatness are but imperfectly known.

The last recorded words of ill-used, slandered, deserted William Hazlitt, as he lay on his death-bed in the little Soho apartment, were—"Well, I've had a happy life."

* "Hazlitt: Selected Essays." Edited by George Sampson. Pp. xxxviii., 251. 3s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

It is one of the most enigmatical of utterances. Read Mr. Sampson's admirable summary of his career, and you will find nothing but disappointments and disasters—a melancholy boyhood, loveless marriages, shattered ideals, the abandonment of art to which he was most devoted, continual estrangements from those who had been dearest, and the total wreck of his hopes for a free and progressive humanity when his idol Napoleon was defeated. Mr. Sampson truly remarks that Hazlitt, *contra mundum*, not only held views that were unpopular but "savoured of treason"; he was so dogged that his consistency became a vice; and political fanaticism was fatal to personal friendships. In his last days he stands out a solitary and pathetic figure, venomous enemies assailing him with defamation unprecedentedly coarse in terms, and the one supreme desire of his life—"the downfall of the Bourbons"—not fulfilled. Yet he had been "happy"! What did he mean? Mr. Sampson hazards the daring suggestion that the words were the final defiance of a man who had suffered shrewd blows for a lost cause. Is it not more likely that the words expressed a very truth as the dying man saw his whole life reviewed in a final flash? Hazlitt had many secret sources of happiness, joy, and even exultation. His outer life was the delusion; his inner life the reality. He had idealised women, and to the last worshipped at the shrine of one whose image had never faded; he had loved art with a love that no sacrifice of reward could diminish; he had revelled in the old books and found good company in the grand old characters; and his solitary Winterslow walks—"and then to thinking"—had produced deep and satisfying bliss. These made the secret of Hazlitt's "happy life." And so we turn once more to the concluding selection in Mr. Sampson's choice volume—"On Going a Journey"—and read it for the hundredth time, and become Hazlitt's invisible companion, and drink in his confidences, and find the mystery resolved. For we are on tramp with a visionary, a dreamer, one who recalls the glamour of youth, who conjures up the scenes of love and beauty, who thrills with the poetic ichor; and we realise that he must have been truly "happy" though to the world he seemed cold and sad.

J. CUMING WALTERS.



Akbar's Entry into Surat.

From a MS. in the Victoria and Albert Museum.
From "A History of India" (S.P.C.K.).

INDIA'S PAST.*

To the well-known textbook by the late Captain Trotter, Mr. Hutton has added two chapters bringing the "History of India" up to 1911, besides modifying or altering several parts, especially in the earlier chapters of the book, in the light of recent research. A geographical and ethnological introduction leads to an account of the first Aryan settlements which displaced those of an older but less civilised race, whose descendants, under various names, still cling to their ancestral mountain fastnesses or lead a nomadic life. The civilisation of Aryan India was probably the highest at one time in the world. The Hindus in the sixth century were taught the turning of the earth on its axis; from remote times inoculation for smallpox was known to them; their early literature was almost equal to that of ancient Greece, but, strange to say, they produced not one historian.

The history of India is a record of conquest from that of Alexander the Great downwards, but let it not be forgotten that Hindu arms were the first to turn back the triumphant progress of Islam, irresistible elsewhere, and it was not until the beginning of the thirteenth century that the Hindu kingdoms of Northern India were brought entirely under its rule. Nearly a century later the Muhammadan conquest of Southern India began.

In the succeeding chapters Captain Trotter is at his best. His clear and vigorous diction is eminently suitable to the history of the great rulers—Bābur, Akbar, Jahānsīr, Shah Jahān and Aurangzeb and to the epic of the East India Company, which from an humble origin rose to be Lord Paramount of all India. His treatment of Warren Hastings and of the brilliant Governors-General is masterly, and he is no less successful in the account of the great Mutiny, in the suppression of which he played a part. The story of Lord Dalhousie on the Sikh revolt of 1848 is as characteristic of the stout-hearted Briton of our time as of his. "The Sikh nation has called for war, and on my word, sirs, they shall have it with a vengeance."

A little more space devoted to the history and conditions of the common people, especially in the earlier periods, would have been welcome even in an historical outline such as this book professes to be. In a foot-note quoting Raikes we learn that in Rangpur in 1815, "not a child can be born, not a head religiously shaved, not a daughter given in marriage, not even one of the tyrannical fraternity dies, without an immediate visitation of calamity upon the Rayat" in the shape of a fresh tax by the Zamindar. Contrast these conditions with those that obtained during

* "A History of India." By the late Captain L. J. Trotter. Revised by W. H. Hutton, B.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

the prosperity of 1864 when the poorest of Rayats became rich. "Every coolie," said one who lived among them, "took to dressing like a Brahman."

The later chapters by Mr. Hutton are all that could be desired, and have only one fault—brevity. Perhaps in those days of peace we were all too apt to regard native unrest as sedition, but when the glowing pages of the response of India to the call of the Empire are written, we shall see that in its true character and perspective.

A POET ON HIS ART.*

Mr. Drinkwater's critical prose is both in form and in content just what his poetry would lead one to expect it to be. He works in and writes of his art with an equal combination of care and enthusiasm of which the results are poetry at once distinguished and full of zest and criticism admirable for its sincerity and clarity. He is a serious poet, a serious but not a sententious critic. His art is to him a matter of very urgent importance. Born too late to believe that poets are the legislators of the world, he believes that they ought to be. He believes that they have a mission to benefit mankind, not by preaching this or that set of moral values but by liberating men's spirit through contact with what is vital and beautiful. Had men but ears to hear the music of great poetry, the world would be a better place and would not be subject to tragedies such as that through which we are now living. The papers in which his creed is set forth are full of wisdom.

Those more particular in their themes vary in value, though none are negligible. That on Chaucer is little more than a string of charming and aptly chosen extracts, nor is much new light shed on the enigma of Coleridge. But the studies of Gray and the Brontës and Frederick Tennyson are excellent both for their insight and for their discrimination. Mr. Drinkwater is not content to generalise or to strike an average of praise. He sorts good poetry from bad with diligence and precision. In his appreciation of Watts-Dunton he holds the balance justly between the exaggerated veneration of old days and the reactionary contempt which is the prevalent attitude of the moment. The study of Rupert Brooke, already privately printed, shows that friendship could not cloud his judgment.

There is so much that is convincing in these essays that it is pleasant and stimulating to find points for disagreement. One of these occurs in the paper on Brooke. Criticising, perhaps rightly, the earlier poems, on the ground that their themes are intellectually conceived and not passionately felt, he writes:

> "The most common note that we find in his first book in illustration of my meaning is the presence at love's moment of the knowledge that women grow old and beauty fades. The reflection is true in fact, but it is not poetically true, and so, in its present shape, it is false. That is to say, we know that, although women do grow old, the lover in the delight of his mistress does not realise this, and that the assertion that he does is not emotional passion of conviction but intellectual deliberation."

Now here are some very questionable assertions. There is a letter of Flaubert's in which he tells the woman he loves—and at the very outset of a long intimacy—that the contemplation of a woman makes him dream of her skeleton. A love letter certainly is not a poem, and Flaubert had a passion for truth at any price. But that passion is one of the essentials of art; and poetry being, as we have been told by a high authority, not the immediate fruit (as a love letter usually is) but the recollection of emotion, it is inevitable that it should be tinged by reflection. Besides, the mood which Mr. Drinkwater considers poetically untrue is surely but the logical sequel, if indeed it should be described as a sequel and not rather as a more particular envisaging, of that which produced "Vivamus, mea Lesbia," and "Mignon, allons voir si la rose" and "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"—poems whose legitimacy it is incredible that Mr. Drinkwater should dispute.

The papers on the theatre will be read with the respect due to an author who has both written plays and produced them, but here again one comes across a questionable piece of psychology. It may sometimes be true that a man writes drama rather than fiction because the former appeals to a wider audience. But is not the greater economy of the dramatic form a commoner and more potent motive? To one whose main interest is in character, as revealed through speech and action, the elaboration of setting which is essential to the structure of a novel is irksome. The dramatist, relying on the skilful interpretation of his dialogue to create the atmosphere which the novelist must create by description and analysis, can dispose of the mere material framework in the terse fashion appropriate to the stage direction. Nor does Mr. Drinkwater's contention that the modern development of the stage direction is a step towards the revival of the chorus seem very sound. The question of the value of the chorus, whether its disuse was a loss or a gain to the theatre, is well worth discussing. But the detailed and critical directions of Shaw and Hankin are nothing else than symptoms of the dramatist's restored pride in his art, his desire to keep the fate of his play as far as possible in his own hands.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Prose Papers." By John Drinkwater. 6s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

DR. CROZIER'S VALEDICTORY.*

Here are about a dozen papers, reprinted from the columns of magazines and newspapers, which Dr. Crozier offers as "my last will and testament in a nutshell." He has another metaphor for them, however. "On these 'Last Words,' as the tattered remnants of an 'Old Guard,' stripped to their barest bones, I am content, in spite of the war, to stand or fall." This is courageous, at any rate. Dr. Crozier marks the effect of the war on theories of religion and politics and trade, for example, and reiterates some of his convictions as unaltered. He also ventures to make some predictions.

A book of this kind has the merits of frankness and directness. Some of the articles are minor, but the more significant papers speak out upon the supreme issues of religion and civilisation, repudiate Socialism and Free Trade and Spiritualism, and in general leave the reader quite clear about where Dr. Crozier stands. This is particularly true of the papers on religion. Two or three of them tackle Mr. Wells with an amused interest; "window-dressing" he calls this new propaganda. On Spiritualism, as illustrated by Sir Oliver Lodge, he is willing to be convinced but more than sceptical. He notes the modern eruption of this "black magic," and asserts that at least three religious bodies will never go over to it—the Roman Catholics, the Presbyterians, and the Quakers. Then to these older bodies he adds two of the newer, the Salvation and the Church Armies. What he gives us, on all these subjects, is a pleasant, chatty series of observations rather than any penetrating analysis, but under the conversational and personal level of the papers there are sometimes flashes of real shrewdness. The paper on "Religion as it stands to-day" is more technical than its fellows; it has this in common with them, however, that it contains a retrospective view of changes within the last half century, and there is always pleasure, sometimes profit, in getting the reminiscences of a man who has lived through changes and kept his eyes open. So many people do not know what is happening to them. And so many forget the history of the day before yesterday.

One of the letters to the *Spectator*, which is reprinted here, is a curious tribute to the influence of a famous hymn. Dr. Crozier frankly admits that he is like his "great Stoic masters — Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, and Epictetus — a

* "Last Words on Great Issues." By J. Beattie Crozier, LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

XUM

pagan." He has never been able to get strength or comfort out of the "pale and somewhat watery Theism" which his intellectual argument indicated.

"But lately—whether it is because I am getting old, and more or less world-weary, or more sentimental—I have found, curiously enough, a real harmony, both *intellectual and emotional*, in a single simple hymn. It is that, to me, most sweet and tenderly beautiful of all hymns, 'Abide with me.' And the reason is that it is entirely *believable* by all of us—Christian, Pagan, Theist, or Agnostic—in its recognition of an Unchangeable Something, below, above, or within the unceasing flux, change, and decay, both in Nature and in Human Life. . . . This climax, and union at once of aspiration, hope, and real intuition in the hymn, I can truly say, is all the *religious* comfort I can now personally hope to expect in this world."

So the book ends. It is a strange message and testimony from the Athenæum Club, but after the previous papers, with all their questioning of other people's views, this personal affirmation is not unwelcome. The author of the hymn meant it to be more than a counter-balance to the doctrine of Heraclitus and his flux; most people who sing the hymn put far more into it than Dr. Crozier would feel at liberty to put. But one cannot help feeling impressed by this sincere bit of personal testimony—so impressed that one hesitates to criticise the psychological basis of it.

JAMES MOFFATT.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN.*

Only a novelist with a very sure touch would attempt, as Miss May Sinclair does in her new novel, to recreate, upon what is practically a single plane of interest, the life and growth of a family of six, with the addition of a cousin who, by adoption, "joins" the family in very early days and makes thereafter a part of it. Miss Sinclair does more than this. She makes us acquainted with a grandmother, a couple of uncles, four aunts, two professional soldiers, and, more barely, with a host of other persons of all sorts and conditions. One shrinks from the mere enumeration of such a number of people; yet Miss Sinclair handles them all with her unfailing competence and reveals to us—rather grimly—the springs of their activities. And, as though this were not yet enough, she vividly pictures for us phases of political life in England before the war, and phases even of the war itself. It is not simply that she makes a gallant attempt to render these people and these immeasurable activities. By sheer will she succeeds to admiration. She makes us see the family, first of all, through the eyes of the young mother. It is a charming and a natural sketch. The characters of the children are simplified for us: their growth is shown. They develop into boys and girls, men and women. Miss Sinclair then grapples rather critically with the militant suffragists and with the world of modern art, and she wisely does not try to grapple with the war, but only shows it hungrily devouring this family whose building we have so absorbedly been watching. The war comes to them as it has come to all, a background for their thoughts, a dreadful influence upon their lives. It is in this book a background, because the characters are not lost in it, but remain clear to the vision; and it is a background not because it is weakly treated, but because the lives of our friends will always be more to us than the implications of cosmic events.

We follow, then, the lives of Anthony and Frances Harrison, and their four children, and their cousin Veronica, through the book from the first page to the last. No event of the outer world is allowed to distract our attention from Miss Sinclair's dramatis personæ. Perhaps we care less for John, or Don Don, who eventually claims our sympathy on account of a mitral murmur which keeps him out of the army, than for the others. He is there, but he does not impress himself as his brothers do. It is therefore in the lives of Michael and Nicky, of Dorothy and Veronica, from childhood to the war and its casualties, that we feel most concern; although, if these are the chief young persons in the book, there are in addition vital and absorbing passages which mainly affect the father and mother. Anthony and Frances remain quite in the foreground. Their family is grouped about them to the end. Both are recognisable and likeable throughout. Of the children, Michael is a poet, Nicky is a sort of engineer, Dorothy is a suffragist, and Veronica, the little cousin, is just a tender seer who loves Nicky from her youngest days and who eventually marries him during his "final leave." Their early days, their later days, and the days of the war, are shown to us by selection, with a firmness and a clearness that is unusual even in modern books. It could only have come, one thinks, from the use of a method deliberately adapted to a book of which the plan had been scrupulously made. That is one's impression of the book—that it has been coolly and scientifically planned, and as strictly and rigorously performed. If such clearness involves hardness, or an impression of hardness and lack of colour, we shall perhaps not be far wrong in finding the reason in an æsthetic theory to which Miss Sinclair may have subscribed. She quotes such a theory, of poetry, uttered in the days preceding the war by a French poet who was afterwards killed. He says, in effect, that poetry has been too long under the influence of painting and of music; and that the influence of sculpture must deliver it from that thraldom. And he concludes, as if summing up his theory of art: "Il faut de la dureté, toujours de la dureté." That is what one finds, at least, in "The Tree of Heaven." It is written with restraint, with respect for form, with an insight that is frequently impressive. It has understanding and power. Its pictures of war scenes, for example, or of attitudes of mind to the war, are typical and sympathetic. What the book seems to lack, in spite of some degree of intimacy in the representations of family life, is heat in all its stages from warmth to fire. Now that is very curious indeed, when one recalls the long and coloured pages of "The Divine Fire," which was the first novel by Miss Sinclair to bring her name prominently before the public. There must be a difference in the *theory* which gave forth "The Divine Fire" and that which has produced "The Tree of Heaven." There is in the later book an extraordinary advance in technique. "The Divine Fire" was diffuse and rhetorical. "The Tree of Heaven" is cool, shrewd, dry, and interesting by reason of its sincere attempt to render life, not romantically, but typically. It is a critical and "representative" book rather than a romance. And yet, as we contemplate the life that passes in its pages, and are all the time aware that the persons of the book are persons typical of those by whom we are surrounded, we do not cease, in our respect for Miss Sinclair's technique and steady eye, to be interested in Michael and Nicky and Dorothy, and their father and mother, and Veronica, as human beings. It is clear from that how much may be said for Miss Sinclair's theory, to which, otherwise, we should not readily subscribe.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

* "The Tree of Heaven." By May Sinclair. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

HAPPY MEMORIES.*

The many people who were shadowed when the blithe partnership of these two cousins was broken by death, may lift up their hearts. It is a day of miracles, and the partnership is but closer. They have done nothing gayer, fresher, more delightful, than this book. Indeed, it has less of the strange Irish gloom which comes suddenly at the moment of greatest brightness than many other books of the two cousins. It is a real mercy that leaves us this joy in our dolorous days, and many a one will bless the partnership.

Rain and sunshine sweep down from the hills of Ireland

* "Irish Memories." By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

in these Memories. There is a chapter by "Martin Ross" on her family, the Martins of Ross, designed originally to help in a memoir of her brother, Robert Martin, but becoming, somehow, a history of the feudal relations between landlord and tenant up to the Land League unsurpassed, unequalled, since "Castle Rackrent." Next there are some amazingly interesting letters written by Maria Edgeworth to Mrs. Bushe, the grandmother of the cousins, wife of Charles Kendal Bushe, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, one of the Patriot Party who fought against the Union. The cousins, staunch Unionist in these days, love and honour their patriot grandfather, whose widow wrote to her son forty-three years after the Union became an accomplished fact:

"England has the *might* which supersedes the right, and we are punished now for our folly in consenting to the *Union*! Just what your Father predicted. When Ireland gives up the *rights* that she has, what right will she have then to complain? Happy for him he did not live to see the ruin he predicted."

The Edgeworth letters are real treasure-trove, but almost too good a thing to add to a volume already so rich. Are there any more of them, and will the cousins give us a book of these letters?

And now we get to the history of the partnership. These two cousins lived in the most delightful places in all the world, so true it is that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. It rains at least three hundred days of the year in Western Ireland, and the extreme south-east corner of Cork is not less humid: but there is no rain in this book. There is only sunshine. Castle Townshend and Ross are painted by two lovers, and there is no hint of the rain and the storm, but only the great skies and the colours of the bogs and the lakes and the mountains. The cousins had their share of sorrows and trials, but they carried a merry heart through everything, and always they saw the beauty of God's world, and they had a deep well of laughter from which they drew joy when another might have wept. They had the most delightful relatives—it would be hard to choose between the mothers of the two for sheer delightfulness. They were surrounded by those people who make life in Ireland a perpetual gay adventure. They had the eye and the ear and the heart to delight in the kaleidoscopic Irish life. They had their passion for Art and the open-air life and sport and animals. I will not tear even one story from its delightful context. It is sheer joy to look at the illustrations even—to look at a picture of "Martin Ross," with her beautiful hair and neck and brows, and Miss Somerville on her satin-skinned horse, the neatest and most spirited of M.F.H. The dogs, the horses, the hunting, their friends, the peasants, the artists' life in Paris—all are fresh and exhilarating. The sense of atmosphere is as strong, or perhaps stronger, in the Memories than ever before.

"There are not many pleasanter things to do in a still February twilight than to paddle quietly along the winding waterways among the tall, pale reeds of Ross Lake. In the thrilling solitude and secrecy of those dark and polished paths anything may be expected, from a troop of wild swans, or the Kraken, to the alternative thrill of the splashing, swishing burst upwards of the duck as the boat invades their hidden haven. . . . We wandered in the lovely wood of Annagh . . . when primroses like faint sunlight, illumined every glade and filled the wood with airs of Paradise. We explored the inmost recesses of Tully Wood, which is a place of mystery. . . . There are quagmires in Tully, 'shwally-holes,' hidden in sedge among the dark fir-trees, and somewhere, deep in it, you may come on a tiny lake among the big, wildly-scattered pine-stems, and a view between them over red and brown bog to the pale windy mountains of Connemara."

The country *lives* in which these cousins wrought for honest joy of the world. I wish I had space for Miss Somerville's description elsewhere of Ross, and of her own Castle Townshend and Castlehaven Bay. Like the little roads of Clooney that went rambling through the heart of another western poet, this beauty of sea and sky and mountain and solitary places is in the hearts of the makers of this joyous book.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Novel Notes.

OUR LITTLE KINGDOM. By Paul Creswick. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

It is very pleasant to escape out of this new world of horror and darkness into the older, quieter world that Mr. Paul Creswick so glamorously recreates for us in "Our Little Kingdom." Not such a much older world, either, for you need not be more than middle-aged to have spent your own childhood in it, and the magic of distance or some magic of Mr. Creswick's pen makes it seem less drab and commonplace, more quaintly picturesque and alluring than it did when you were actually one of its inhabitants. The London of later Victorian years comes to life again in his pages; as it grows under his hand, you recognise and delight in the realistic truthfulness of the picture; the atmosphere is strangely familiar: you knew these places, these types of people, but they have passed away, and you had half forgotten them, and to read of them here is as good as to go home after long absence, or to meet old friends again. It is the vivid truthfulness of the story that gives you this feeling, and the freshness and sympathy, the humour and insight with which it is written. It is the life story of a fairly large London family. The various members of it are drawn with a sure touch and a shrewd understanding of human nature. You become intimate with the peculiarities and vicissitudes of the father and mother; the children mature under your eyes, through just such hopes, sorrows, romance and everyday adventures as come naturally to most of their class, and it is Mr. Creswick's triumph that he has made this tale of normal life and real men and women curiously and entirely interesting. We have had no abler or more attractive novel this autumn.

THOMAS. By H. B. Creswell. 5s. net. (Nisbet.)

An amusing and interesting sketch of a bachelor at ease. Mr. Thomas Quinn is an official in a Government office, a comfortable gentleman, whose thorn in the flesh is a stepmother anxious to get him married. The other member of the household is Nita, "my half-nephew's young widow. The relationship is too complicated to explain." But the book is occupied with the adventures and experiences of Thomas during his summer holidays of a month, endeavouring to dodge matrimony in his little car, "Silent Susan." Mr. Creswell sees to it that his readers get fun and even farce out of the visits of Thomas to various hotels and country-houses. The successive chapters overflow with humour, and they include a visit to a duke's house, where Thomas has to join in pranks which are not of a particularly elevating order. He does propose to one young lady, but to his amazement he is refused. Then the holiday is over, and it is on his return home that the change comes—a change which Mr. Creswell describes so cleverly and surprisingly that it would be unfair to give away the secret of this rather selfish bachelor's regeneration. Books of this kind are a refreshment nowadays. They ease the mind, and we are grateful to a writer who can be amusing without being vulgar, and who knows four or five different ways of being amusing. Thomas has the makings of a fool in him, but one feels that his folly is the reaction against his official life, and the story proves that he could be cured of his folly without ceasing to be human and humorous. We can recommend this book to anyone who wishes light reading and clever sketches of modern English character, with enough love-making to relieve the succession of frolicsome, irresponsible episodes.

AN AUTUMN SOWING. By E. F. Benson. 6s. net. (Collins.)

Success had abundantly crowned Thomas Keeling's commercial career but had brought with it a tardy realisation of unsatisfied ideals. When the scales fell from his eyes he beheld with an increasing clearness that gradually

approximated to disgust the tawdry splendours of his over-decorated house and the inanity of his wife and daughter. His one solace and overmastering hobby was the collecting of rare books, and it was through this devotion that there came to him in the autumn of his life a passion still more masterful and less easy of fulfilment. For Thomas Keeling, the hard man of affairs, apparently invulnerable to sentiment, fell in love with his secretary and cataloguer. The situation thus stated appears a familiar one to readers of sentimental romance, but Mr. Benson loses no time in demonstrating what an expert can achieve with an apparently familiar theme. His characters, few in number, are described with extraordinary skill. Norah Propert is sufficiently charming to justify poor Thomas Keeling's awakening to the drabness of his success, and by a delicate piece of analysis Mr. Benson traces her own progress from contempt to love. On these two protagonists of the little drama the sympathy and interest of the reader is securely fastened. But the other people of the story are delineated with equal artistic finish. Mrs. Keeling is a memorable study in good-humoured fatuity, and the entire Keeling household is set before us with humour and mordant precision. Mr. Silverdale, the new rector, is drawn perhaps with a touch of caricature, but the humour of the part is delightful, and it conveys the impression of being painted from the living model. His violent death brings an end to poor Alice Keeling's ridiculous romance, and it is a fine stroke that brings father and daughter together in a new sympathy and understanding over the ruins of their dreams. The story is a powerful and arresting book, full of insight and humour and understanding, and beneath its quiet simplicity no one can easily miss the signs of careful and distinguished work.

A NEST OF SPIES. By Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

This is the fourth novel written round the elusive Fantômas, and needless to say the last page finds that arch-criminal still alive and at liberty, and diabolically eager to indulge in a fifth orgy of villainy for the edification of a spellbound public. This time the story centres round the murder of a Captain Brocq and the theft of the French mobilisation plans. Fantômas as usual plays many parts, the most picturesque being that of an old white-bearded beggar who tramps the streets with an accordion slung on his back. The story may be summed up as a succession of tight corners occupied alternately by Fantômas, the detective Juve, and the journalist Fandor. Into the devising of these tight corners and of the ways out the authors have put their accustomed ingenuity—Fantômas, for example, gets himself nominated ambassador in order to take advantage of diplomatic inviolability—and the result is a novel as sensational and highly coloured and (it is only fair to add) as incredible as any of its predecessors.

UNEASY MONEY. By P. G. Wodehouse. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

It is a hazardous business recommending a humorist to one's friends. How much more so for a reviewer who is writing for a public which he never sees! One man cannot pursue a Jacobs yarn to its finish without enduring side-splitting pains, and the same individual will remove you from off the list of his acquaintances for recommending Stephen Leacock to him. Like the way of the transgressor, the way of the reviewer is hard, but with a somewhat reckless courage we are for declaring P. G. Wodehouse to be in the very front rank (or should it be "trench"?) of our present-day humorists. Mr. Wodehouse's new story is of an impecunious lord who is embarrassed one fine morning with new and entirely unexpected riches, left to him by an eccentric millionaire (transatlantic, of course) for curing him of the evil habit of "slicing" at golf—a game which it is credibly reported proved very popular in Great Britain in the pre-war era. It would be an ill service to Mr. Wodehouse to reveal the feverish attempts of Lord Dawlish to escape from this El Dorado, but suffice it to say that in the process he won the heart of the dispossessed niece of Ira D. Nutcombe, the aforesaid millionaire, and this perfectly adorable girl further on in the story had the joy of discovering herself to be the rightful heiress after all. Most impecunious members of the Upper House would have taken this misfortune to heart. Not so Lord Dawlish, who found that a salary of £400 furnished all he needed to ask. Admittedly it smacks of the publisher's announcement, but it is almost true to say that there is a laugh on every page of "Uneasy Money." Mr. Wodehouse is a national asset in these times.

THE NIGHT CLUB. By Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.)

For all readers of "Bindle" it is a sufficient recommendation of "The Night Club" to say that the great little journeyman pantechnicon-man and certain of his friends reappear in its pages. But new and amusing characters are drawn into his orbit. Notably there is the charmingly irresistible Sallie Carruthers, who "claims from man comradeship and equality," but he is always spoiling the fun by falling hopelessly in love with her. Sallie alone is enough to make the fortune of the book; if Bindle is a host in himself, Sallie is a hostess. She can twist the most sophisticated male round her little finger, and the tale of how, for her own ends, she duped a young naval officer by passing as his admiral's daughter (without even knowing whether the admiral had got one) and then evaded the consequences of her duplicity by telling the truth, is one of the smartest and neatest in the series. The stories are told by the very miscellaneous members of the night club, Sallie being the one woman allowed among them. Bindle is the chairman, and the shrewdest philosophy, the quaintest humour, and some of the best stories are his. He is a wit in himself, and, like Falstaff, the cause of wit in others; but with all his incorrigible love of practical joking, he is a kindly, sensible, gracious, wholly human little man. The stories are excellently varied, but their chief ingredients are humour, good-humour and the things that make for laughter. If you want an evening's amusement, you may be sure of getting it in "The Night Club," with Bindle and his friends.

IN ANOTHER GIRL'S SHOES. By Berta Ruck. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is nobody more ingenious than Miss Berta Ruck at weaving a romance around topical subjects, and nothing is more acceptable to the modern reader than a novel that is essentially up to date in its scheme and setting. The war-widow is one of the most pathetically familiar figures amongst us at the present time, and Miss Berta Ruck has seen in her material for a delightful and original story. Rose Whitelands, travelling down to a little Welsh town to take up the drab career of a governess, comes across a vulgar, flashy film actress, who proves to be a young widow en route to join the refined family of her soldier-husband. The family have never seen her before and, shrinking from the ordeal of their criticism, she tricks Rose into taking her place, and so flings the girl into a series of startling adventures. The possibilities such a novel situation presents will be readily recognised, and Miss Berta Ruck may be relied upon to take full advantage of them. Rose evades one predicament only to land in another, and the discovery that the husband has not been killed after all, and his arrival on the scene, complicates matters at first, only to simplify them at last, perhaps more completely than anything else could have done. It is a lively, clever story, lightly and humorously told.

The Bookman's Table.

DOUGLAS HYDE. By Diarmid O. Cobhthaigh. 3s. net. (Maunsel.)

It is really with a keen sense of disappointment that one lays down this latest addition to the "Irishmen of To-day" series. Douglas Hyde, the man, presents so